No. 1484—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

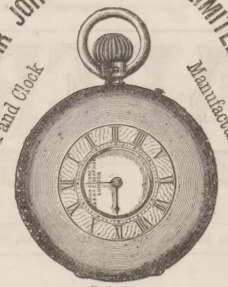
November 9, 1889

Registered at the General Post-Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LIMITED,
Watch and Clock Manufacturers.



£10.

In return for a £10 Note, free and safe per post, one of
BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS HALF-HUNTING WATCHES.
Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight. Gold Chains at Manufacturers' Prices.

£5.
The CHEAPSIDE ¾-plate KEYLESS LEVER WATCH.
With chronometer balance, and jewelled in thirteen actions, in strong silver case with crystal glass. The cheapest watch ever produced. Air, damp, and dust-tight. Free and safe per post, 5s.

£25.
The "SIR JOHN."
A Standard Gold Keyless ¾-plate Half-Chronometer Watch. Accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with monogram or crest richly emblazoned.

CLOCKS.
The FINEST STOCK in LONDON at PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. Estimates for TURRET CLOCKS. Catalogues post-free.

Silver Watches from £2 0 0
Gold Watches from .. £5 0 0
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, and JEWELLERY promptly and skilfully Repaired. Estimates given, including carriage.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD., 65 & 64, Cheapside, E.C.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR HAIRDRESSER FOR
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.
Price 3s. 6d. per large Bottle.

FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.
Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
2s. 6d. per Bottle.
FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,
Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is
SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS
Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and
RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.
Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL TROCHES
Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza,
Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat,
Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption,
Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh,
Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS,
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1½d. per Box.
NOTICE.
See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the EDITOR of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Mr. Bradlaugh.

I SUPPOSE it is not an exaggeration to say that the country has been watching with something like feverish anxiety the news from Mr. Bradlaugh's sick-bed. A few—a very few—years ago such a demonstration would have been regarded as utterly, wildly, impossible. I shall not easily forget the sight of Mr. Bradlaugh struggling madly in the hands of half a dozen attendants, and being bundled from House to Lobby, and from Lobby to

PARLIAMENTARY SOUVENIR OF MR. BRADLAUGH.

corridor. It was a frightful scene, which pained and shocked everybody who witnessed it. Well, the last time I heard Mr. Bradlaugh speak he sat down amid general applause. In the Lobby he is almost as great a favourite on the Conservative side as among his own political friends. When he speaks he rarely fails to get a few Conservative cheers mixed with the Liberal salvoes. He has, undoubtedly, defects of manner, pronunciation, habit which it is not easy for a House of Commons audience—fastidious, nice, capricious—to tolerate. But the House has done more than tolerate. It has taken to Mr. Bradlaugh with open arms. The miraculous industry of the man, his wonderful command of facts and figures, his ability as a Committee-man (he is the best hand at cross-examination in the House of Commons, the lawyers *not* excepted), his pellucid clearness of speech, have all commended themselves to the practical side of the most practical of assemblies. There never was an instance in which sheer talent, energy, and merit won their way more completely and suddenly to the front. Mr. Bradlaugh speaks often—too often, his enemies say—and always with a certain aggressive and determined style that marks the man. Yet he is always listened to with respect, and even with admiration. Never was such an instance of talent making, as the poet says, "by force its merit known." Mr. Bradlaugh has not so much laid siege to the House of Commons: he has taken it by storm.

The Old Bradlaugh and the New.

Of course, the Bradlaugh of to-day is a somewhat different person from the Bradlaugh of the old days—different physically as well as mentally. The Bradlaugh of to-day is a stouter, bulkier, less energetic gentleman than the Bradlaugh, say, of the Reform movement of 1865, when Mr. Bradlaugh first became a notable political figure. The characteristic of the old Bradlaugh was a certain extraordinary and perhaps unexampled union of physical and intellectual strength. A slim, tall, wiry figure, with a remarkable development of chest, Mr. Bradlaugh owed his great influence over workingmen as much to his ability—and perfect readiness—to "collar" a disorderly interrupter of his meetings, take him by the scruff of the neck, and hurl him out of doors, as to his wonderful incisiveness of speech, his neatly marshalled arguments, his singular clearness and sharpness in debate, his legal cleverness and dexterity. I always find in him the mixture of two professions, to both of which he at one time belonged—the soldier and the lawyer. The ex-dragoon and the ex-solicitor's clerk made good use of both opportunities. Fierceness of thrust and dexterity of fence have been his two leading characteristics. Personally, he is really a charming man, with singular sweetness of address, a very soft and persuasive voice, and a very engaging manner. He has all his life been a poor man, and a glance round his room in Avenue-road, St. John's Wood, gives to my mind the ideal of the poor student. It is books—books—books, especially law-books—not a vestige of ornament, not a suggestion of luxury. Mr. Bradlaugh's two recreations are billiards and salmon and Thames fishing, in both of which he excels. His figure is a familiar one both by a Scotch mountain stream and in a Thames punt. In his earlier days he was a very Spartan in diet. Of late years, in eating and drinking he has allowed himself a little more freedom.

Lord Hartington.

There is a good deal of talk just now about Lord Hartington—whether he will join the Conservatives, or whether he will keep his present position as a kind of intermediary between the two parties. Of course, there always has been a section which has regarded Lord Hartington as a Conservative at heart. He gave some of his colleagues in the '80-85 Government that impression. A member of the late Cabinet once astonished me greatly—I was then a comparative babe and suckling in matters political—by saying bluntly, "Lord Hartington is a Tory!" But I now think the description inaccurate. Lord Hartington is, was, and will be—a Whig. He belongs to the great intermediate class in English politics. His family traditions lie that way, his temperament—a trifle indolent, but steady, sagacious, even, unenthusiastic, but sensible—inclines him that way, his history all points in the same direction. What he requires, in order to keep him abreast with the more tumultuous forces in our politics, is a man of impetuous temperament like Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's family and personal influence supplied that element, but it has now been withdrawn; and I fancy that in the end—after a long struggle with himself—he will range himself formally on the Conservative side. One great obstacle is Lord Randolph Churchill. Between Lord Randolph and Lord Hartington there has always existed the bitterest distrust and dislike. The feeling is now as strong as ever. The only question is whether Lord Randolph is likely to remain a Tory. If he does not, that fact will, undoubtedly, quicken Lord Hartington's gravitation to the ranks of his old opponents.

Abdul Hamid.

The most picturesque event of the week has been the reception of the German Emperor at Stamboul. Kaiser and Commander of the Faithful have not met in the Ottoman capital, it seems, since Barbarossa of the Red Beard appeared before its walls. The present Sultan is one of a long race of melancholy, morbid rulers living in constant fear of assassination; but the papers are wrong in describing him as utterly without self-control. I have seen two or three people who have had interviews with him, and they all remark on his ability, his good manners, and his knowledge of European politics. He certainly reads a good deal—Sir Charles Dilke, for instance, found that he had a perfect acquaintance with his recent books on the military situation in Europe. Like the Khedive, he is practically a monogamist, but he has not quite such a charming spouse-in-chief—if I may use the term—as his fellow-ruler on the Nile.

Osman Pasha.

I can't help thinking that the most striking touch in the very brilliant account given by the *Times* Correspondent of the Emperor's entry is that little story of old Osman Pasha of Plevna—a white-bearded figure seated on a white charger by the Sultan's side. Osman is a typical and very favourite Turkish figure. A tremendous reactionary, opposed to all reform, and leading the most embittered and fanatical anti-progress party in Turkey, he is an immense favourite with the Sultan and the soldiery. But the idea that he is the real defender of Plevna is a myth. Osman, who is as brave as a lion, undoubtedly did a good deal to put spirit into his soldiers, who all adore him. Only he was not a scientific soldier; and, though I think the original idea of holding Plevna was his—but I am not sure on this point—the whole plan of fortifications and scheme of defence were the work of his German Lieutenant—who, if he had had his way, would never have left the Turkish forces to be caught like rats in a trap. Since those days, the officer I have referred to has very wisely left the *kudos* of the Plevna defence to Osman, taking good care, however, to get some substantial recognition of his own services. He is now high in command in the Turkish army.

News of Stanley.

So there is that familiar headline in the newspapers again—"News of Stanley" Well, though I can't say I am a Stanleyite, so far as the great traveller's short methods with natives are concerned, I confess to a great liking for the man. He is a member of a small literary social club to which I happen to belong, and one of the very last nights he spent in England was in our company. And a charming comrade he is. A little silent at first, and alway quiet, his humour, his character, his good sense, come out when he gets on his feet. A better after-dinner speaker does not exist in the two countries. Stanley is a great smoker, cigars being his favourite indulgence, but he takes no liquor. He looks a much older and feebler man than he is—walks slowly, with a rather heavy gait, but has a frame of iron, a tireless will, a dauntless courage. THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain

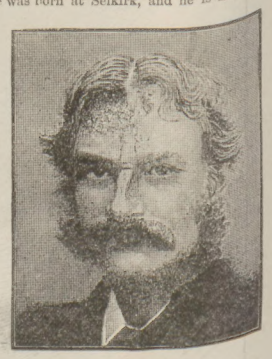
continues to be such a prominent public figure in the troubled world of politics that he may well be portrayed afresh, this time from the rival photograph taken by Mr. H. W. Cox, of New-street, Birmingham. The speech in which the right hon. gentleman on Monday sought to arrange the differences that have arisen in a division of Birmingham between the Liberal Unionists and Conservatives has been scathingly attacked by the *Star*, which rejoices also in the defeat of Mr. Austen Chamberlain at the municipal election. It is far from my desire to interfere with the province of the smart and observant "Scene-Shifter," but I may be allowed to say that there seems for the moment to be a "screw loose" in Mr. Chamberlain's Birmingham. It is plain that shrewd and acute Joseph has had brought home to him the indisputable fact that the "rising tide" has carried in a considerable Liberal majority at the various municipal elections. What bearing this will have upon the future course of Lord Hartington's strongest colleague remains to be seen. One thing is certain—Mr. Chamberlain will have to hasten the formation of the projected new National Party, if that political amalgamation is to be of practical service. What difficulties he will have to surmount to accomplish this were pretty clearly indicated in the lively Birmingham meeting on Monday.

The New Journalism.

In the November number of *Longman's Magazine* there is a severe attack on the New Journalism by Mr. Andrew Lang. Mr. Lang points out that the New Journalism is but the old Grub-street under another aspect. This is true; but while we may cordially endorse the popular journalist's severe attitude towards the man who manufactures for money offensive fictions about people who can not well reply to them, yet it is perfectly obvious that Mr. Lang has overstated his case. The New Journalism means much more than this. It means a change from the dull, unsympathetic, machine-like attitude of the Press of a few years back. The way in which the *Globe* and the *St. James's Gazette* profess to despise the New Journalism is rank hypocrisy. Both these papers have very much brightened their pages of late by "Miscellanea" and the like, and, in the case of the *St. James's*, by portraits, which are clearly an outcome of the New Journalism. Good-natured criticism about people of mark is usually much appreciated by the victims, while an encouraging word about a struggling artist or journalist is valued extremely. I have written many such paragraphs in my time, and have received the thanks of eminent men of letters and of science, to say nothing of well-known artists and politicians, for such paragraphs. Even the minute details are not altogether without their uses. If I were to say, for example, that when Mr. Andrew Lang lectures, his very servants like to come and listen, which is actually the case, this surely shows that he is really a hero to his valet. If, on the other hand, I say that he is often supercilious and even rude to people with whom he comes in contact for the first time, and that his own friends comment upon this, I am only telling him something for his future guidance.

Andrew Lang.

Mr. Andrew Lang is forty-three years of age. He was born at Selkirk, and he is in the habit



MR. ANDREW LANG.
From a Photograph by Bradelle & Young.

of presenting the "reviewers' copies" of books he receives to the library of his native town. He has had the best of all trainings, having studied at St. Andrews University and Balliol College, Oxford; and he is a Fellow of Merton. Fairy tales, shilling shockers, "Ballades in Blue China," books on folk-lore, cricket, golf—nothing comes amiss to the "languid Lang," as some people call him; "fair Andrew with the brindled locks," as his friend Mr. Locker calls him. Mr. Lang is one of the best of journalists. I have just been reading a volume from his pen called "Lost Leaders" (Kegan Paul). It is a collection of *Daily News* leading articles, and one is thankful that such admirable essays have been preserved from the butter-shop. Then Mr. Lang is a very prince among translators. Very beautiful is his version of "Theocritus," and his rendering, in partnership with others, of the Iliad and Odyssey are of quite priceless value. The rich rhythmical prose of his Odyssey dwells in the imagination in a way which is impossible from a perusal of Pope or Cowper, or even Chapman. That Mr. Andrew Lang is a genius there can be no manner of doubt.

Alphonse Daudet.

The extraordinary interest taken in the production, last week, of Daudet's new play, "La Lutte pour la Vie," was due as much to the Parisian reputation of the author as to the dramatic merits of the piece. Alphonse Daudet was born at Nimes, May 13, 1840, and came to Paris as seventeen to find a place for himself in the literary world. Some poems of his pleased the Empress Eugénie, who, with her customary kindness of heart, obtained for the author the post of secretary to the Duc de Morny, whose inner life Daudet "dissected" in ruthless fashion in his novel "The Nabob." It was his custom to introduce actual personages in his novels, and in "Les Rois en Exil" he did so in such a manner as to cause great offence. In "Numa Roumestan" and other works the same peculiarity was seen; but in his famous story "Fromont et Risler," which was crowned by the French Academy, Daudet adopted the more legitimate method of writing fiction. Here the author chose types rather than individuals, and the novel may be pronounced one of the finest works of modern fiction. Very striking, also, are the principal scenes and characters in "Jack," the pathetic story of a child delicately nurtured, and then, owing to the conduct of a charming but frivolous mother, sent out into the world to battle with coarse associates in an iron-foundry. There is hardly a more graphic or pathetic picture in the whole range of fiction than that of the boy with his refined instincts struggling with adverse fate amid the smoke, noise, and confusion of the factory. Work of quite another class is found in "Lettres de mon Moulin," graceful pictures of life in the Sunny South; and his "Tartarin de Tarascon" has delightful gleams of humour. In his novel "Le Petit Chose" there are striking scenes, and Daudet also wrote a host of stories in the *Figaro*, nearly all of them unknown to English readers. He always aspired to the stage, and in 1862 his first little play, "La Dernière Idole," had some success at the Odéon. After that came many failures. In some of Daudet's recent works of fiction we see him with regret attracted to the Zola school, and in his "Sapho," spite of its literary merit, the tone is repugnant to English readers. But, with all faults admitted, Alphonse Daudet is a writer of genius, with a fascinating and original method.

An "Ideal Pianist."

That is what Adolph Henselt has been called by one of the greatest of modern musicians. Henselt died at Warmbrunn, in Silesia, a few days ago, after a remarkable career, which, however, brought him little into contact with ordinary musical amateurs. Yet there is no doubt that as a pianist and as a writer for the pianoforte Henselt is to be classed with Chopin and Liszt. In fact, Liszt spoke of him as not surpassed by any modern performer, while Schumann was always enthusiastic about him, and says in one of his letters: "As a player he has surpassed all the expectations which I formed after your remarks on him. He really has often something dæmonic, like Paganini, Napoleon, and Madame Schröder—and again he seemed to me a troubadour, with a beautiful large cap and feathers. The longer I hear him, the more highly I appreciate him." He did not write much, but a few of his pieces are valued as gems. He very seldom played in public, holding from an early age a position at the Russian Court, where he was treated as a friend and companion by the Imperial family. In an excellent biography of Henselt, by F. Niecks, he says: "His rare gifts and attainments as an executant were not exercised for the enjoyment and incitement of the world at large. His failing to do so, however, is not attributable to indolence, but to the loftiness of his artistic ideal and his keen dissatisfaction with anything short of this ideal." This is perfectly true. But as the works of Henselt can be easily procured, every cultivated amateur should study them.

Mr. James Fernandez

is making a sensation just now in the trial scene of "A Man's Shadow," at the Haymarket, similar to that he produced, some years ago, at the Adelphi, as Claude Frollo in the late Andrew Halliday's "Notre Dame." I am glad it is so. Few worthier men or better actors are to be found on the English stage, where Mr. Fernandez found himself after drifting about a great deal. He was born at St. Petersburg, May 28, 1835, and came to England in his boyhood, appearing first at Hull in 1853, and making his first appearance on the London stage, at the Queen's Theatre, in 1855. He was the original Walter Hartright in the adaptation from "The Woman in White," receiving emphatic compliments from Mr. Wilkie Collins—a capital judge of acting. A thorough hard worker, Mr. Fernandez played characters in every department of the drama—tragedy, melodrama, comedy. Among his serious parts was that of Shylock, to the Portia of Miss Bateman. His King James, in "The King o' Scots," was a masterly performance in the serio-comic vein; but I remember nothing so vivid, forcible, and picturesque as his Claude Frollo at the Adelphi, in 1871. He played admirably with Fechter in "Ruy Blas," and so he did with Mr. Henry Irving as Coitier in "Louis XI." In fact, he is one of those earnest all-round actors who never do anything badly; but he has to get a part that exactly suits him in order to do himself complete justice. He has once more got the chance he had in Claude Frollo. The English stage has seen nothing finer during recent years than the death of the barrister in "A Man's Shadow," in Mr. Robert Buchanan's effective adaptation of "Roger la Honte" at the Haymarket.

Dhuleep Singh.

What, many people have asked, has become of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who left this country vowing bitter vengeance, and who, not so long ago, was striving to foment strife between the Courts of Great Britain and St. Petersburg? According to a correspondent of a contemporary, the "Black Prince" has been quite recently loafing about the Indian Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, looking the picture of shabby gentility, and content now if he can create discontent in the minds of the Indian servants of the British tea companies. A change, this, from the time when he lived in state and splendour upon his extensive estates near Brandon, in Norfolk!

"Hood's Comic Annual"

cheerily heralds, as usual, the fireside season of Christmas Numbers. Edited by Mr. J. F. Sullivan, who furnishes droll pen and pencil sketches, "Hood" presents as its "leading article" a bright and rollicking topical "Romance of the Peerage Unburked," the grotesquely humorous incidents of which should move the House of Lords to laughter, and highly amuse plebeians who have been tickled with the Music-Hall alliance of Lord Dunlo. This is, in fine, an excellent burlesque "up to date," by Mr. Geo. R. Sims, who has a piquant illustrator in Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen. Miss Clo. Graves's clever poem "Death and Rachel" is the next most noticeable feature. "Richard Henry" poke good-humoured fun at Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in their quaintly comic "Marriage Tie"; and Mr. John Houghton similarly "roasts" Ibsen's "Doll's House." There are the sweetest and quaintest of poems by Mr. George Dalziel and Mr. Byron Webber. In short, "Hood" is an exceedingly delectable literary and artistic olla podrida.

"The Blood-White Rose,"

by Mr. B. L. Farjeon, author of "Blade o' Grass," is one of the most engrossing romances I have read for some time. The stirring narrative is remarkably closely knit, and is related with great vigour. It is one of those absorbing shilling stories which, once taken up, must be finished well-nigh at a sitting. So interesting is "The Blood-White Rose" that it is appropriately published by the enterprising firm which issued "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab"—Messrs. Trischler & Co., 18, New Bridge-street, E.C. From the same house comes a racy novelette of University and turf life, "The Crooked Billet," by Mr. Vero Shaw, perusal of whose spirited story is as exciting as an Adelphi drama. THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

When Music, Heavenly Maid, was young, there was possibly more genuine Harmony in the World than there is now—as the discordant population of the Universe was much less. But the Heavenly Maid would be fairly astonished, and possibly deafened into the bargain, by the amount of Melody, vocal and instrumental, forthcoming in London even in this autumnal season of the year. What if the supremely successful Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden, like those at Her Majesty's, are over? There is yet another delightful Patti Concert at the Albert Hall. Educated musicians find solace in the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. In fine, London is every year becoming more and more musical.

The talk o' the town is Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth," which has taken several steamers to convey across the Atlantic, and which will on Monday next begin to draw "All London" to Olympia. Meantime, Lord Rosebery and a number of other well-known men foregather at the Hôtel Victoria on the eve of Lord Mayor's Day to do honour to Mr. P. T. Barnum's efforts to provide the public in the New World and the Old World with wholesome entertainment for so many years past.

Of dramatic novelty there is little to report. An encouraging word should be given to that promising young dramatist Mr. Boyle Lawrence for his neat one-act piece of "Promise" at the Globe. "Promise" is a little play of exceptional merit, effectively enacted by Miss Susie Vaughan and Mr. Fuller Mellish, but a little overacted by Miss Harriet Ford, an American débutante, whose earnestness will soon teach her to avoid exaggeration.—To the attractions of "Puppins and Co." at the German Reeds' Mr. Corney Grain has added a fresh musical sketch, "I've taken a House," full of mirth and fun.—Mr. Landeck's brisk and engrossing sensational drama at the Surrey has been succeeded by another new play of the class Mr. George Conquest knows how to produce so well—"The Miser's Will," by Mr. Tom Craven.—Ye "gods" and pittites may now rejoice in a weekly edition of their special organ, the *Playgoer*. THESPIS.

The Queen of Greece, with the Empress Frederick and her daughters and the Princess of Wales and her daughters, visited several charitable institutions in Athens on Friday week. Among the places inspected were the Establishment for Poor Women and the Queen's Hospital.

A Sad Accident was reported at Dover on Friday se'nnight on the arrival of the Channel steamer Victoria. It appeared that the steamer, which was running in connection with the club train, left Calais one hour late in consequence of the engine-driver of the French train, as it approached the town, having slipped off and been cut to pieces. A collection amounting to £14 was made among the passengers.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep at good colour if washed regularly with Hudson's Extract of Soap.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[Advt.]

LEGAL COLUMN

["*Lex*" *will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of* "*The Penny Illustrated Paper.*"]

XIX.—PARENT AND CHILD (*Continued*).

Our poor laws impose upon parents the liability to provide maintenance for their children, and this liability extends to the father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother of any poor person not able to work. To refuse or neglect to maintain a family is a penal offence, when the family become chargeable to the poor rate, and, if a father runs away and leaves his children chargeable to the parish, he is in the eye of the law a Vagabond, and the Justices may make an order to seize his property towards the relief of the children.

The poor law also makes every man liable to maintain the children of his wife born before his marriage to her, whether legitimate or illegitimate, as if they were his own family, and this liability lasts until the children attain sixteen, or until the mother dies. So if a child is detained in a reformatory or industrial school the parents or step-parents may be ordered to pay a sum not exceeding five shillings per week for the maintenance. But no parent will be compelled to provide for a child

Unless the Child is Unable to Work,

either through infancy, disease, or accident, and even then the parent is only obliged to find the child with necessaries. Relief to any child under sixteen is deemed relief to the parent, and he is liable to the Guardians of the Poor if they give such relief. They can give it if in their discretion it seems necessary.

If a father keep an infant in such a place that the mother cannot have access to it, the Court may secure her access to child, and under the new Act of 1886 the Court of Chancery has a general power to make such orders as it may think fit regarding the custody of infants and the right of access thereto of either parent, having regard to the welfare of the infant and the wishes as well of the mother as of the father. This is a very just and beneficial alteration of the law, which formerly worked gross hardship, and even tore young children from the arms of their mothers, and natural guardians, and handed them over to the guardian appointed by the husband's will to be brought up in a religion which the mother abhorred.

In the article upon divorce we have already stated that upon a decree for judicial separation or divorce the Divorce Court may make an order as to the custody of the children; and we have already seen also that, in case of an aggravated assault upon the wife, the father may be

Deprived of the Custody of the Children,

which may be given to the mother, with an order against the father to contribute to the maintenance of the children. So if the father or mother or guardian of any girl under sixteen have caused or encouraged her seduction or prostitution, another person may be appointed by a Judge as guardian.

The last Session of Parliament was a memorable one for children, for in it two Acts were passed for their benefit. One, "The Poor Law Act of 1889," enacts that where a child is maintained by the guardians of any union and is deserted by its parents, or where the parent is in prison, the guardians may retain the control of the child until it reaches the age (if a boy) of sixteen, and, if a girl, of eighteen, and all the rights of the parents in respect of the child are, in that case, vested in the guardians; but the parent still remains liable to contribute to the expenses of the maintenance of the child. The "Children's Charter" of last Session we must describe in our next article.

ANSWERS.

Titus.—If you or your bicycle should be injured through the neglect of other persons not carrying lights, bring an action in the County Court.

Cutter.—You must give a proper month's notice to quit.

Lex (1 and 2).—As to both your questions, one of the children who is of age must obtain further Letters of Administration to the father's estate, and that administrator must sell the personal property, unless all the children are of full age, and all agree to have it otherwise dealt with. If the payments made by the eldest son are fair and proper payments or beneficial to the estate they ought to be allowed, without question, although strictly he may not have had power to receive or pay at the time; but if they were not proper payments they can be successfully objected to.

G.—I understand that the plaintiff (in the £1000-note case to which you refer) won by reason of the Bills of Exchange Act 1882, which deals with lost instruments. The Act might also assist you; but consult a local solicitor, and remind him of the Act, and let him know of the form of the last Note.

Injustice.—The landlord would have to go to the County Court in the case you mention, but you ought to tender him a fair amount, or else you yourself will be guilty of "injustice."

H. W.—If it is merely an I O U and not a promissory note, you are right. Many people, however, put a date as to repayment, or some statement or condition, and then the document becomes a promissory note or bill of exchange, which is not enforceable unless on proper impressed stamp. An I O U should be only an admission of an amount. LEX.

The Duke of Connaught recently distributed prizes to the students of the Gokaldas Tejpal Schools, and, in the course of his speech, congratulated the authorities on being able to dispense with Government aid, of which very few Indian educational institutions were independent.

Messrs. D. Nicholson and Co., of St. Paul's-churchyard, London, E.C., are now making some very extensive alterations and additions to their well-known premises, and in the course of a few weeks they will open large additional show-rooms in the block of buildings which they have lately purchased at the corner of Cheapside. This important extension of premises will naturally prove most valuable to Messrs. Nicholson's customers, for the space thus gained will be utilised for spacious and well-lighted show-rooms, in which the new autumn goods may be seen to the greatest possible advantage. At the present time a very interesting sale of fur garments of every sort and kind is being held at this establishment, and it would be difficult to find anywhere a better assortment of fur-lined cloaks, fur pelerines, muffs, capes and collarettes, boas, and seal-skin jackets, in all the newest and smartest shapes.

The Sinews of Wealth are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities and staying power are retained and concentrated in Cadbury's Cocoa.—[Advt.]

CONSTIPATION:
HOW IT MAY BE REMEDIED.
A FREE TEST.

Constipation may arise as a consequence of a sedentary occupation in life; from want of proper physical exercise out of working hours; as a consequence of the presence of some other disease; from inaction or sluggishness of the liver; or as the result of injudicious diet. Perhaps, however, the most frequent cause is the resistance offered to the calls of Nature from circumstances which prevent obedience at the proper time. The putting off until a more convenient season of an absolutely necessary function usually results in the fact that when the convenient period has arrived the desire has passed away. So are the seeds of Constipation sown.

The Constipation being thus established, recourse is then too frequently had to harsh purgative pills, which, because of their obvious powerful action, defy any delay to a more convenient season. By such means as this, Constipation, that by proper treatment would be but temporary, becomes chronic, as a consequence of the reaction following the use of drastic pills. And the harm does not end here. Purgatives destroy the mucous coats of the stomach and bowels, and expose the tender surfaces beneath them to the consequent friction and irritation of harsh masses, by which ulceration, tumours, internal hemorrhages, and other evils are induced. Cancers and tumours in the stomach or bowels are often set up from no other cause than the foregoing.

Another great hurt caused is a congestion of impure venous blood, creating bleeding piles; or a decomposition of blood takes place, causing small tumours, exquisitely sensitive to pain, known as blind piles. These, moreover, are frequently accompanied, after what should properly be a natural and easy function, with an occasional decrepit sensation of weakness, which, while it lasts, is simply horrible from its deathly faintness.

As a remedy for Constipation we strongly recommend "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," which, while they do positive good, not too quickly nor violently in the manner desired, yet can do no hurt in other directions. When the Constipation is further intensified by the presence of hemorrhoids (piles), then it is impossible too highly to overrate the merits of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets," for they relieve the congestion of the blood at the affected parts, and neutralise or dissolve the poisonous elements which have been formed, and, as a logical sequence, their use for Constipation never induces hemorrhoids.

In like manner they benefit the liver by purifying the blood and forcing out of the body through the skin impurities and decayed waste products, which would otherwise be thrown on to the liver, thus clogging it and rendering its action sluggish.

The beneficent efficacy of "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" is thus not confined to their curative effect on Constipation alone, but extends much further. They may be defined as a gentle laxative, with undeniable purifying and curative properties on the blood and skin. Thus one function is not remedied at the expense of another, but rather the whole sytem is benefited, while the desired specific effect is attained. In smaller doses "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are as suitable and harmless for children as they are for adults of either sex, and children like them because of their pleasant taste and attractive appearance. They can do no harm to the weakest or most delicate constitutions. "Frazer's Sulphur Tablets" are put up in packets price 1s. 1½d., post-free, 1s. 3d.—Sole Proprietors, FRAZER and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, who will send

SAMPLES GRATIS AND POST-FREE

to those who, not having seen the Tablets, will write for them. Name the "Penny Illustrated Paper."—[Advt.]

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

Published by permission of, and special arrangement with, the Proprietors of "The Illustrated London News."

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

IRIS put the inevitable question to Hugh as soon as they were out of the doctor's house—"What do you say of Mrs. Vimpany, now?"

"I say that she must have been once an actress," Mountjoy answered; "and that she carries her experience of the stage into private life."

"What do you propose to do next?"

"I propose to wait, and see Mrs. Vimpany's husband to-morrow."

"Why?"

"Mrs. Vimpany, my dear, is too clever for me. If—observe, please, that I do her the justice of putting it in that way—if she is really Lord Harry's creature, employed to keep watch on you, and to inform him of your next place of residence in England, I own that she has completely deceived me. In that case, it is just possible that the husband is not such a finished and perfect humbug as the wife. I may be able to see through *him*. I can but try."

Iris sighed. "I almost hope you may not succeed," she said.

Mountjoy was puzzled, and made no attempt to conceal it. "I thought you only wanted to get at the truth," he answered.

"My mind might be easier, perhaps, if I was left in doubt," she suggested. "A perverse way of thinking has set up my poor opinion against yours. When I remember Lord Harry's noble conduct in trying to save poor Arthur, I cannot believe him capable of such hateful deceit as consenting to our separation, and then having me secretly watched by a spy. What monstrous inconsistency! Can anybody believe it? Can anybody account for it?"

"I think I can account for it, Iris, if you will let me make the attempt. You are mistaken, to begin with."

"How am I mistaken?"

"You shall see. There is no such creature as a perfectly consistent human being on the face of the earth—and, strange as it may seem to you, the human beings themselves are not aware of it. Lord Harry, as you rightly say, behaved nobly in trying to save my dear lost brother. He ought, as you think, and as other people think, to be consistently noble, after that, in all his thoughts and actions, to the end of his life. Suppose a great temptation tries him—such temptation, Iris, as you innocently present—why doesn't he offer a superhuman resistance? You might as well ask, Why is he a mortal man? How inconsistent, how improbable, that he should have tendencies to evil in him, as well as tendencies to good! Ah, I see you don't like this. It would be infinitely more agreeable (wouldn't it?) if Lord Harry was one of the entirely consistent characters, which are sometimes presented in works of fiction. Humanity, in general, is neither perfectly good nor perfectly wicked: take it as you find it. Is this a hard lesson to learn? Well! it's easy to do what other people do, under similar circumstances. Listen to the unwelcome truth to-day, my dear; and forget it to-morrow."

They parted at the door of the inn.

CHAPTER V.

THE GAME: MOUNTJOY PLAYS A NEW CARD.

Mr. Vimpany (of the College of Surgeons) was a burly man, heavily built from head to foot. His bold round eyes looked straight at his fellow-creatures with an expression of impudent good humour; his whiskers were bushy, his hands were big, his lips were thick, his legs were solid. Add to this a broad sunburnt face, and a grey coat with wide tails, a waistcoat with a check pattern, and leather riding-gaiters—and no stranger could have failed to mistake Mr. Vimpany for a farmer of the old school. He was proud of the false impression that he created. "Nature built me to be a farmer," he used to say. "But my poor foolish old mother was a lady by birth, and she insisted on her son being a professional man. I hadn't brains for the Law, or money for the Army, or morals for the Church. And here I am a country doctor—the one representative of slavery left in the nineteenth century. You may not believe me, but I never see a labourer at the plough that I don't envy him."

This was the husband of the elegant lady with the elaborate manners. This was the man who received Mountjoy with a "Glad to see you, sir," and a shake of the hand that hurt him.

"Coarse fare," said Mr. Vimpany, carving a big joint of beef; "but I can't afford anything better. Only a pudding to follow, and a glass of glorious old sherry. Miss Henley is good enough to excuse it—and my wife's used to it—and you will put up with it, Mr. Mountjoy, if you are half as amiable as you look. I'm an old-fashioned man. The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, sir."

Hugh's first experience of the "glorious old sherry" led him to a discovery, which proved to be more important than he was disposed to consider it at the moment. He merely observed, with some amusement, that Mr. Vimpany smacked his lips in hearty approval of the worst sherry that his guest had ever tasted. Here, plainly self-betrayed, was a medical man who was an exception to a general rule in the profession—here was a doctor ignorant of the difference between good wine and bad!

Both the ladies were anxious to know how Mountjoy had passed the night at the inn. He had only time to say that there was nothing to complain of, when Mr. Vimpany burst into an explosion of laughter.

"Oh, but you must have had something to complain of!" said the big doctor. "I would bet a hundred, if I could afford it, that the landlady tried to poison you with her sour French wine."

"Do you speak of the claret at the inn, after having tasted it?" Mountjoy asked.

"What do you take me for?" cried Mr. Vimpany. "After all I have heard of that claret, I am not fool enough to try it myself, I can tell you." Mountjoy received this answer in silence. The doctor's ignorance and the doctor's prejudice, in the matter of wine, had started a new train of thought in Hugh's mind, which threatened serious consequences to Mr. Vimpany himself. There was a pause at the table; nobody spoke.

Finding Mountjoy inattentive, Mr. Vimpany addressed himself to Iris.

"I had to ride hard, Miss Henley, to get home in time for dinner. There are patients, I must tell you, who send for the doctor, and then seem to think they know more about it than the very man whom they have called in to cure them. It isn't he who tells them what their illness is; it's they who tell him. They dispute about the medical treatment that's best for them, and the one thing they are never tired of doing is talking about their symptoms. It was an old man's gabble that kept me late to-day. However, the Squire, as they call him in these parts, is a patient with a long purse; I am obliged to submit."

"A gentleman of the old school, dear Miss Henley," Mrs. Vimpany explained. "Immensely rich. Is he better?" she asked, turning to her husband.

"Better?" cried the outspoken doctor. "Pooh! there's nothing the matter with him but gluttony. He went to London, and consulted a great man, a humbug with a handle to his name. The famous physician got rid of him in no time—sent him abroad to boil himself in foreign baths. He came home again worse than ever, and consulted poor Me. I found him at dinner—a perfect feast, I give you my word of honour!—and the old fool gorging himself till he was black in the face. His wine, I should have said, was not up to the mark; wanted body and flavour, you know. Ah, Mr. Mountjoy, this seems to interest you; reminds you of the landlady's wine—eh? Well, sir, how do you think I treated the Squire? Emptied his infirm old inside with an emetic—and there he was on his legs again! Whenever he overeats himself, he sends for me; and pays liberally. I ought to be grateful to him, and I am. Upon my soul, I believe I should be in the bankruptcy court but for the Squire's stomach. Look at my wife! She's shocked at me. We ought to keep up appearances, my dear? Not I! When I am poor I say I am poor. When I cure a patient, I make no mystery of it: everybody's welcome to know how it's done. Don't be down-hearted, Arabella; nature never meant your husband for a doctor, and there's the long and the short of it. Another glass of sherry, Mr. Mountjoy?"

All social ceremonies—including the curious English custom which sends the ladies upstairs, after dinner, and leaves the gentlemen at the table—found a devoted adherent in Mrs. Vimpany. She rose as if she had been presiding at a banquet, and led Miss Henley affectionately to the drawing-room. Iris glanced at Hugh. No; his mind was not at ease yet; the preoccupied look had not left his face.

Jovial Mr. Vimpany pushed the bottle across the table to his guest, and held out a handful of big black cigars.

"Now for the juice of the grape," he cried, "and the best cigar in all England!"

He had just filled his glass, and struck a light for his cigar, when the servant came in with a note. Some men relieve their sense of indignation in one way, and some in another. The doctor's form of relief was an oath. "Talk about slavery!" he shouted. "Find me such a slave in all Africa as a man in my profession. There isn't an hour of the day or night that he can call his own. Here's a stupid old woman with an asthma, who has got another spasmodic attack—and I must leave my dinner-table and my friend, just as we are enjoying ourselves. I have half a mind not to go."

The inattentive guest suddenly set himself right in his host's estimation. Hugh remonstrated with an appearance of interest in the case, which the doctor interpreted as a compliment to himself: "Oh, Mr. Vimpany, humanity! humanity!"

"Oh, Mr. Mountjoy, money! money!" the facetious doctor answered. "The old lady is our Mayor's mother, sir. You don't seem to be quick at taking a joke. Make your mind easy; I shall pocket my fee."

"Now for the juice of the grape," he cried, "and the best cigar in all England."

As soon as he had closed the door, Hugh Mountjoy uttered a devout ejaculation. "Thank God!" he said—and walked up and down the room, free to think without interruption at last.

The subject of his meditations was the influence of intoxication in disclosing the hidden weaknesses and vices of a man's character by exhibiting them just as they are, released from the restraint which he exercises over himself when he is sober. Encourage Mr. Vimpany, by means of a dinner at the inn, to give his opinion as a man whose judgment in claret was to be seriously consulted—and permit him also to discover that Hugh was rich enough to have been able to buy the wine—and the attainment of the end in view would be simply a question of time. There was certainly the chance to be reckoned with, that his thick head might prove to be too strong for the success of the experiment. Mountjoy determined to try it, and did try it nevertheless.

Mr. Vimpany returned from his medical errand thoroughly well satisfied with himself.

"The Mayor's mother has reason to thank you, Sir," he announced. "If you hadn't hurried me away, the wretched old creature would have been choked. A regular stand-up fight, by Jupiter, between death and the doctor!—and the doctor has won! Give me the reward of merit. Pass the bottle."

He took up the decanter, and looked at it. "Why, what have you been about?" he asked. "I made up my mind that I should want the key of the cellar when I came back, and I don't believe you have drunk a drop in my absence. What does it mean?"

"It means that I am not worthy of your sherry," Mountjoy answered. "The Spanish wines are too strong for my weak digestion."

Mr. Vimpany burst into one of his explosions of laughter. "You miss the landlady's vinegar—eh?"

"Yes, I do! Wait a minute, doctor; I have a word to say on my side—and, like you, I mean what I say. The landlady's vinegar is some of the finest Château Margaux I have ever met with—thrown away on ignorant people who are quite unworthy of it."

The doctor's natural insolence showed itself. "You have bought this wonderful wine, of course?" he said satirically.

"That," Mountjoy answered, "is just what I have done."

For once in his life, Mr. Vimpany's self-sufficient readiness of speech failed him. He stared at his guest in dumb amazement. On this occasion, Mountjoy improved the opportunity to good purpose. Mr. Vimpany accepted with the utmost readiness an invitation to dine, on the next day, at the inn. But he made a condition. "In case I don't agree with you about that Château — what-you-call-it," he said, "you won't mind my sending home for a bottle of sherry?"

The next event of the day was a visit to the most interesting monument of antiquity in the town. In the absence of the doctor, called away by professional engagements, Miss Henley took Mountjoy to see the old church — and Mrs. Vimpany accompanied them, as a mark of respect to Miss Henley's friend.

When there was a chance of being able to speak confidentially, Iris was eager in praising the doctor's wife. "You can't imagine, Hugh, how agreeable she has been, and how entirely she has convinced me that I was wrong, shamefully wrong, in thinking of her as I did. She sees that you dislike her, and yet she speaks so nicely of you. 'Your clever friend enjoys your society,' she said; 'pray accompany me when I take him to see the church.' How unselfish!"

Mountjoy kept his own counsel. The generous impulses which sometimes led Iris astray were, as he well knew, beyond the reach of remonstrance. His own opinion of Mrs. Vimpany still pronounced steadily against her. Prepared for discoveries, on the next day, which might prove too serious to be trifled with, he now did his best to provide for future emergencies.

After first satisfying himself that there was nothing in the present state of the maid's health which need detain her mistress at Honeyburnd, he next completed his preparations by returning to the inn and writing to Mr. Henley. With strict regard to truth, his letter presented the daughter's claim on the father under a new point of view. Whatever the end of it might be, Mr. Henley was requested to communicate his intentions by telegraph. Will you receive Iris? was the question submitted. The answer expected was: Yes or No.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GAME: MOUNTJOY WINS.

Mr. Henley's telegram arrived at the inn the next morning.

He was willing to receive his daughter, but not unreservedly. The message was characteristic of the man: "Yes—on trial." Mountjoy was not shocked, was not even surprised. He knew that the successful speculations, by means of which Mr. Henley had accumulated his wealth, had raised against him enemies, who had spread scandalous reports which had never been completely refuted. The silent secession of friends, in whose fidelity he trusted, had hardened the man's heart, and embittered his nature. Strangers in distress, who appealed to the rich stranger merchant for help, found in their excellent references to character the worst form of persuasion that they could have adopted. Paupers without a rag of reputation left to cover them were the objects of charity whom Mr. Henley relieved. When he was asked to justify his conduct, he said: "I have a sympathy with bad characters—I am one of them myself."

With the arrival of the dinner-hour the doctor appeared, in no very amiable humour, at the inn.

"Another hard day's work," he said; "I should sink under it, if I hadn't a prospect of getting rid of my practice here. London—or the neighbourhood of London—there's the right place for a man like Me. Well? Where's the wonderful wine? Mind! I'm Tom-Tell-Truth; if I don't like your French tipple, I shall say so."

The inn possessed no claret glasses; they drank the grand wine in tumblers as if it had been ordinaire.

Mr. Vimpany showed that he was acquainted with the formalities proper to the ceremony of tasting. He filled his makeshift glass, held it up to the light, and looked at the wine severely; he moved the tumbler to and fro under his nose, and smelt it again and again; he paused and reflected; he tasted the claret as cautiously as if he feared it might be poisoned; he smacked his lips, and emptied his glass at a draught; lastly, he showed some consideration for his host's anxiety, and pronounced sentence on the wine.

"Not so good as you think it, sir. But nice light claret: clean and wholesome. I hope you haven't given too much for it?"

Thus far, Hugh had played a losing game patiently. His reward had come at last. After what the doctor had just said to him, he saw the winning card safe in his own hand.

The bad dinner was soon over. No soup, of

course: fish, in the state of preservation usually presented by a decayed country town; steak that rivalled the toughness of indiarubber; potatoes whose aspect said, "Stranger, don't eat us"; pudding that would have produced a sense of discouragement, even in the mind of a child; and the famous English cheese which comes to us oddly enough, from the United States, and stinges us vindictively when we put it into our mouths. But the wine, the glorious wine, would have made amends to anybody but Mr. Vimpany for the woful deficiencies of the food. Tumbler-ful after tumblerful of that noble vintage poured down his thirsty and ignorant throat; and still he persisted in declaring it was nice light stuff, and still he unforgivingly bore in mind the badness of the dinner.

"The feeding here," said this candid man, "is worse if possible than the feeding at sea, when I served as doctor on board a passenger-steamer. Shall I tell you how I lost my place? Oh, say so plainly, if you don't think my little anecdote worth listening to?"

"My dear sir, I am waiting to hear it."

"Very good. No offence, I hope? That 's right! Well, sir, the captain of the ship complained of me to the owners; I wouldn't go round, every morning, and knock at the ladies' cabin-doors, and ask how they felt after a sea-sick night. Who doesn't know what they feel, without knocking at their doors? Let them send for the doctor when they want him. That was how I understood my duty; and there was the line of conduct that lost me my place. Pass the wine. Talking of ladies, what do you think of my wife? Did you ever see such distinguished manners before? My dear fellow, I have taken a fancy to you. Shake hands. I 'll tell you another little anecdote. Where do you think my wife picked up her fashionable airs and graces? Ho! ho! On the stage? The highest branch of the profession, sir—a tragic actress. If you had seen her in Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Vimpany would have made your flesh creep. Look at me, and feast your eyes on a man who is above hypocritical objections to the theatre. Haven't I proved it by marrying an actress? But we don't mention it here. The savages in this beastly place wouldn't employ me, if they knew I had married a stage-player. Hullo! the bottle 's empty again. Ha! here 's another bottle, full. I love a man who has always got a full bottle to offer his friend. Shake hands. I say, Mountjoy, tell me on your sacred word of honour, can you keep a secret? My wife's secret, sir! The loveliest of women, the sweetest of women, the innocentest of women. Oh, my wife! my wife!" He suddenly threw his handkerchief to the other end of the room, and burst out laughing. "Oh! oh! Mountjoy! what an infernal fool you must be to take me seriously! I can act, too. Do you think I care about my wife? She was a fine woman once; she 's a bundle of old rags now. But she has her merits. Hush! I want to know something. Have you got a lord among your circle of acquaintance?"

Experience made Mountjoy more careful; perhaps a little too careful. He only said "Yes."

The doctor's dignity asserted itself. "That 's a short answer, sir, to a man in my position. If you want me to believe you, mention your friend's name."

Here was a chance at last! "His name," Mountjoy began, "is Lord Harry"——

Mr. Vimpany lost his dignity in an instant. He struck his heavy fist on the table, with a blow that made the tumblers jump.

"Coincidence!" he cried. "How wonderful—no; that 's not the word—providential is the word—how providential are coincidences! I mean, of course, to a rightly constituted mind. Mountjoy! dear Mountjoy! jolly Mountjoy! my wife's lord is *your* lord—Lord Harry. No; none of your nonsense—I won't have any more wine.

He struck his heavy fist on the table, with a blow that made the tumblers jump. "Coincidence!" he cried.

Yes, I will! It might hurt your feelings if I didn't drink with you. Pass the bottle. Ha! That 's a nice ring you've got on your finger. Perhaps you think it valuable? It 's nothing, sir; it 's dross, it 's dirt, compared to my wife's diamond pin! There 's a jewel, if you like! It will be worth a fortune to us when we sell it. A gift, dear sir. I 'm afraid I've been too familiar with you. Speaking as a born gentleman, I beg to present my respects, and I call you 'dear sir.' Did I tell you the diamond pin was a gift? It 's nothing of the sort; we are under no obligation; my wife, my admirable wife, has earned that diamond pin. By registered post; and what I call a manly letter from Lord Harry. He is deeply obliged (I give you the sense of it) by what my wife has done for him; ready-money is scarce with my lord; he sends a family jewel, with his love. Oh, I 'm not jealous. He 's welcome to love Mrs. Vimpany, in her old age, if he likes. Did you say that, sir? Did you say that Lord Harry, or any man, was welcome to love Mrs. Vimpany? I have a great mind to throw this bottle at your head. No, I won't; it 's wasting good wine. How kind of you to give me good wine! Who are you? I don't like dining with a stranger. Do you know any friend of mine? Do you know a man named Mountjoy? Do you know two men named Mountjoy? No: you don't. One of them is dead; killed by those murdering scoundrels—what do you call them? Eh, what?"

The doctor's voice began to falter, his head dropped; he slumbered suddenly, and woke suddenly, and began talking again suddenly.

"Would you like to be made acquainted with Lord Harry? I 'll give you a sketch of his character before I introduce him. Between ourselves, he 's a desperate wretch. Do you know why he employed my wife, my admirable wife? You will agree with me: he ought to have looked after his young woman himself. We've got his young woman safe in our house. A nice girl. Not my style; my medical knowledge certifies she 's cold-blooded. Lord Harry has only to come over here, and find her. Why the devil doesn't he come? What is it keeps him in Ireland? Do you know? I seem to have forgotten. My own belief is I've got softening of the brain. What 's good for softening of the brain? There isn't a doctor living who won't tell you the right remedy—wine. Pass the wine. If this claret is worth a farthing, it 's worth a guinea a bottle. I ask you in confidence: did you ever hear of such a fool as my wife's lord? His name escapes me. No matter; he stops in Ireland—hunting. Hunting what? The fox? Nothing so noble; hunting assassins. He 's got some grudge against one of them. Means to kill one of them. A word in your ear: they 'll kill *him*. Do you ever bet? Five to one, he 's a dead man before the end of the week. When is the end of the week? Tuesday, Wednesday—no, Saturday—that 's the beginning of the week isn't the Sabbath—Sunday, of course—we are not Christians, we are Jews—I mean we are Jews, we are not Christians—I mean"——

The claret got the better of his tongue, at last. He mumbled and muttered; he sank back in his chair; he chuckled; he hiccupped; he fell asleep.

All and more than all that Mountjoy feared he had now discovered. The reason which the doctor had given for Lord Harry's continued absence in Ireland could not be wisely rejected as unworthy of belief. It was in the reckless nature of the wild lord to put his own life in peril, in the hope of revenging Arthur Mountjoy on the wretch who had killed him. Taking this bad news for granted, was there any need to distress Iris by communicating the motive which detained Lord Harry in his own country? Surely not!

And, again, was there any immediate advantage to be gained by revealing the true character of Mrs. Vimpany, as a spy, and, worse still, a spy who was paid? In her present state of feeling Iris would, in all probability, refuse to believe it.

Arriving at these conclusions, Hugh looked at the doctor snoring in an easy chair. He had not wasted the time and patience devoted to the stratagem which had now successfully reached its end. After what he had just heard—thanks to the claret—he could not hesitate to accomplish the speedy removal of Iris from Mr. Vimpany's house; using her father's telegram as the only means of persuasion on which it was possible to rely. Mountjoy left the inn without ceremony, and hurried away to Iris in the hope of inducing her to return to London with him that night.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

The Glasgow Catastrophe.

HER MAJESTY, prompt to subscribe to the relief of the sufferers from the sad disaster at Mossfield Colliery, was similarly quick in sending warm words of sympathy to those humble people who were thrown into mourning by the terrible catastrophe in Glasgow. We present a view of the scene of the Glasgow disaster, which occurred at Templeton's Carpet Factory in Bridgeton shortly after five o'clock on Friday afternoon, Nov. 1, during a heavy gale. Messrs. Templeton, the well-known carpet manufacturers, were erecting a new mill in place of the one which was destroyed by fire some months ago. The masons and other workmen engaged on the new building left off work at five o'clock. Ten minutes afterwards, and without any warning, the new building gave way, the brickwork falling with a tremendous crash on the top of the weft-sheds of the old building, situated immediately behind. In the sheds at the time there were upwards of 130 girls at work. Many of the workers were buried under the walls. The Fire Brigade was sent for, and on their arrival they assisted in the work of rescue. Many of the relatives of the girls were near the works, and many heartrending scenes took place as it became known who the victims were. William-street was crowded with people; but there was a strong force of police, and the ambulance men had little difficulty in carrying on their work.

The work of rescue was carried on slowly. At nine o'clock wires were laid into the fallen portion of the building, and the electric light was turned on. This greatly facilitated the men in the work of recovering the bodies. Mr. Boyd, chief constable; Superintendent Reid; Mr. Hart, procurator-fiscal; and Mr. Young, one of the partners, were early on the scene making inquiries. It is said that the collapse of the building was attributed to the worked-out mines beneath the structure.

The death-roll numbered twenty-nine. One of the workers who witnessed the mad rush to the door states that the girls came down the stairs in one mass, and they did not stop their flight until they got out of the works. One of the Glasgow Fire Brigade, who was early on the scene, said he worked for three hours trying to rescue the poor girls. Those whom he came upon were disfigured in a shocking manner, and were quite beyond recognition. He, with his comrades, had great difficulty in rescuing a young girl who was closely jammed in by a beam, but when they got her out she was able, with a little assistance, to walk to a cab, in which she was driven home. In all the churches in Glasgow on Sunday reference was made to the calamity. At a municipal ward meeting a fund was started for the relief of the sufferers. Bailie M'Lennan gave £100. The funeral of the victims on Tuesday was a mournful ceremony. It is to be earnestly hoped surveyors throughout the kingdom will be on the alert to prevent the recurrence of a similar disaster.

Messrs. Templeton's Mill, the Scene of the Glasgow Disaster

THE RECENT CATASTROPHE AT GLASGOW.

Her Majesty will arrive at Windsor on Saturday, Nov. 16, it is understood; and on Tuesday, Dec. 17, she will proceed to Osborne for seven weeks.

The Prince of Wales, after seeing Prince Albert Victor off to India from Ismailia, went with Prince George to Cairo, and on Saturday afternoon last a grand review of the British and Egyptian troops by his Royal Highness and the Khedive took place at Abassiyeh. The Prince, with the Khedive on his left and Prince George on his right, arrived at the parade ground on horseback at four o'clock. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness the review, in which over 5000 men took part—namely, 1500 British troops and 3700 Egyptian.

The Royal visitors having taken up their position surrounded by members of the staff, the troops marched past, the British cavalry leading, and the Egyptian infantry bringing up the rear. At the end of the review the Prince of Wales and Prince George, with the staff, placed themselves at the head of the British and Egyptian troops, and advanced and saluted the Khedive. The Egyptian cavalry and artillery were loudly cheered by the spectators, and the bearing of the Khedive's troops generally was much admired.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, according to the latest arrangements, are expected to return to Marlborough House on or about the 21st inst. Their Royal Highnesses, after a brief stay in town, will proceed to Sandringham.

The Prince of Wales is expected to attend next year's show of the Essex Agricultural Society, and steps are being taken to hold the exhibition at the county town of Chelmsford.

The German Emperor and Empress arrived at Constantinople last Saturday, and were received by the Sultan. The march-past of the troops was witnessed by their Majesties from a specially erected kiosk. In the evening the Sultan entertained his guests at a banquet, for which 120 covers were laid.

Lord Tennyson has left Haslemere for Freshwater, Isle of Wight, where he intends passing the winter months. The Poet Laureate is enjoying excellent health.

The Indian Viceroy and his staff, accompanied by Colonel Warburton, political officer in the Khyber district, rode through the pass on Friday week. All the chiefs along the route had assembled to welcome the viceregal party. An excellent view was obtained of Jellalabad and the surrounding country. The arrangements were perfect, and no hitch whatever occurred. Sir Frederick Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lady Lansdowne were also of the party.

Experiments with a new explosive called ecrasite, which is to dynamite as 100 to 70, have recently been made in Austria, and are said to have succeeded so well that the invention has been purchased for military purposes exclusively.

The other day a San Francisco man, while laughing heartily at a joke he had cracked, fell to the floor dead.

The Tudor Exhibition at the New Gallery will prove a most attractive show. The Queen will lend the Holbeins from Windsor Castle.

A meeting of London journeymen bakers was held on the Albert Embankment on Sunday last to aid the agitation for a working week of sixty hours and payment for overtime. Several speeches having been delivered, a resolution in favour of the men's demands was carried without opposition.

William Jackson, one of the sextons of Peterborough Cathedral, committed suicide the other evening in the Cathedral. He was missing at the afternoon service, and a search was made. He was found hanging from one of the beams in the bell-chamber of the west tower.

The bad reports as to Mr. Santley's health are unfounded. The eminent baritone writes that he was never better in his life. On the conclusion of his Australian engagements he will make an extended tour in New Zealand, and thence go on to Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, and California, presumably returning home across the American continent.

A message from Mr. H. M. Stanley has been received by the Emin Relief Committee. From this despatch it appears that after Mr. Stanley's return to the Congo to search for Major Barttelot's caravan, Emin Pasha's troops revolted and threw off all allegiance. The Mahdists shortly afterwards invaded the Equatorial Province in full force. Emin and Jephson were made prisoners on Aug. 18 last year. The natives joined the invaders and assisted them in the destruction of the province. Fugitives were killed, and Emin's 8000 people have presumably been reduced by death and desertions to 800. Mr. Stanley reached the Albert Nyanza for the third time on Jan. 18, bringing succour to the survivors. He waited there till May 8 for fugitives, and then commenced the march to the coast.

From the particularly open manner in which Mr. Henry Matthews chatted about the Maybrick case when he was in Birmingham, it was not difficult to gather (says the *Birmingham Times*) that he thoroughly believed the prisoner to be guilty of the intent to poison her husband, but the fact of the two experts disagreeing in their opinion placed him in a dilemma. All he wanted was an exact precedent, and this he found after a long search. Then, and not till then, he commuted the death sentence to life-imprisonment, as did a previous Home Secretary. Mr. J. Treeve Edgcome will have some difficulty in overcoming the scruples of Mr. Matthews as to setting the prisoner free, unless the Minister has greatly altered his opinions.

On the morning of Oct. 23 a toy balloon was found on the estate of Klein Albrechtau, near Rosenberg, West Prussia. Attached to it was a picture of the Eiffel Tower and a stamped and addressed postcard requesting the finder, in French, to add a statement of the time and place of finding, and to post it as addressed. The balloon had been let off, by a lady belonging to Nancy, from the second storey of the Eiffel Tower, on Oct. 22.

TO ATHLETES.—CADBURY'S COCOA is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[ADVT.]

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 2 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[ADVT.]

THE RACING WORLD

SPORTSMEN of all classes felt relieved on hearing of Ormonde's safe arrival in Buenos Ayres—not only sportsmen who took an interest in the big horse on account of his splendid record on our turf, but some others who were not inclined to think much of race-horses except as they represented an equivalent money value. Some of the members of Lloyd's Rooms were getting very anxious about him, because they had

Underwritten him at Nine Guineas per Cent,

which appeared quite a liberal premium at first. As time went by, and no good news of the high-priced stallion reached England, they tried to take the shortest cut out of a loss, and

Paid as much as Twenty Guineas

to clear their liability. Insuring blood stock for the long voyage between the old country and America has not been a very profitable speculation since the big drain of our breed began for the other side of the ocean. I fancy that if underwriters were to see for themselves how little care is taken, comparatively speaking, of such precious freights as our thoroughbreds they would fight shy of the spec.

Semi-official announcement has been made to the effect that

The Jockey Club intend to Appoint an Assistant Handicapper.

What good that step will do is not quite easy to guess, because in the great majority of instances one weight-adjuster, working by himself and taking plenty of time to do his business properly, will make better handicaps on an average than two such officials in conjunction. What we want is not so much an assistant official handicapper as an arrangement to spread the labour among more experts.

One Man ought not to have so Many Races to Handicap

as fall to the lot of Major Egerton. Now that the Board of Trade are looking into, or talking of looking into, the subject of railway companies' unpunctuality in a general way, it is to be hoped that the racing community may be given a thought. As a rule they are well catered for in the North of England, but

Badly Treated in the South.

Sportsmen, too, might wake up a little, to let the railway companies understand that they are not satisfied with the lax supervision of traffic in which horses are concerned. Unless you look sharply after your gees while on the rail, or have a man with them, it is quite on the cards that they may be kept without water for days, if a mistake occurs in consignment.

In a Fortnight the Flat-Race Season will Close.

Most backers will not be sorry when the length of its tether has been reached, for it has been disastrous to them. Somehow

All the Money Seems to Go into a Few Hands.

Bookmakers grumble—of course they do: they are like farmers, who always grumble. Still, the bookies, as a rule, have reason to complain: they do not win as they used, and too often

Do not get Paid if they Win.

As a body, backers complain that they do not generally cry out against their bad luck so much as the opposition army. I never could quite bring myself to understand why it is, but experienced backers of first favourites will tell you that it is

Safer to Stand on Favourites in Steeplechases than in Flat-Races.

Many a time and oft have I endeavoured to puzzle out why this principle—founded on practice, mind you—should hold good. The only rational explanation I can arrive at is this, which I offer with diffidence. As in flat-racing, so in steeplechasing, the favourite generally is selected because on public form it has a pull of the others. Now, in flat-racing accidents are so few as not to count, save such as getting off badly, being shut in, and so on. In steeplechasing getting badly away does not matter much, because it is the start of a long journey in which there is plenty of time to make up a few lengths lost at the beginning. Like argument applies to getting shut in, &c. As for other accidents,

The Best Horse in Steeplechasing is less liable to Mishaps in Jumping

than its opponents. So you see it has a little pull in that way. Anyway, systematic backers of favourites in jumping races will win more than those who follow the plan on the flat. One of our meetings of this week generally gives us plentiful opportunity for putting the two methods side by side. At Aintree we get plenty of flat-racing and hurdle-racing and steeplechasing also. Of course, the November meeting does not quite run up to the spring gathering as regards

The Lepping Contests,

but is a capital second. Until quite lately we used to get a little of what is called the illegitimate business at Lincoln's closing reunion. Of late that branch of sport has been ignored—and wisely too, for it was more bother than it was worth. This November Lincoln was better placed in the *Racing Calendar*, because, instead of coming in the same week with Brighton Lewes Autumn, it followed Lewes, and filled up the two days before Liverpool. So that, if it were not for the Derby-Northampton and Warwick-Manchester fixtures, we should have had

A Lincoln-Liverpool Week

at each end of the flat-race season. There is one feature of Liverpool Autumn Cups with which we could well dispense—namely, with the expensive changes in the market, which cost backers so dearly. By sad fatality we find that year after year early speculators on the race burn their fingers. It is no good telling sufferers of this sort that they need not run such risks unless they please.

HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT cures almost all disorders of the nerves, stomach, liver, and kidneys. Those who have any doubt as to its remarkable healing and strengthening properties should write at once for book of testimonials, or call and examine the originals at the Electropathic and Zander Institute of THE MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LIMITED, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. Consultation free of charge, personally or by letter. Write for a Belt or pamphlet to-day before you forget it.—[ADVT.]

MUSIC IN THE HOUSE
MAKES CHEERFUL
HAPPY HOMES.

The most Popular Musical Instrument of the Day is

A MELODEON.

The long evenings will pass much more pleasantly with a mixture of music and song. CAMPBELL'S world-famed MELODEONS, having Organ and Celestial tones, Patent Visible Double Valves, and the charming Bell accompaniments, are specially adapted for home music—Sacred Songs, Secular Songs, and Dance Music being rendered with equal effect. ANYONE CAN PLAY UPON THEM. British Patent, No. 4492. German Patent, No. 24,110.

EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
NO ONE DISSATISFIED.

THE "GEM" MELODEON
is a Marvel of Cheapness.

THE "MINIATURE" MELODEON
is Selling in Thousands.

THE "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.

No Home should be Without One.

Do you wish to enjoy your Long Evenings at Home?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to make your Family Circle Happy?
Then procure a MELODEON.
Do you wish to form a Concert or Dancing Party?
Then procure one of

CAMPBELL'S PATENT BROAD REED MELODEONS.

NEW MODELS FOR SEASON 1889-90.

CUT OUT THIS. CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "GEM" MELODEON.
6s. 6d. 6s. 6d.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

NEW GRAND MODELS.

CUT OUT THIS. CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "MINIATURE" MELODEON.
10s. 10s.
With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, and the charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 10s. Worth Double.

NEW GRAND MODELS.

CUT OUT THIS. CUT OUT THIS.

P.I.] An Unparalleled Offer. [Paper.
OUR GRAND PRIZE MEDAL "FAVOURITE" MELODEON.
16s. 6d. 16s. 6d.
"By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent," with Patent Visible Double Valves, two Stops, Organ and Celestial Tone, and charming Bell Accompaniments, sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, on receipt of P.O.O. for 16s. 6d. Worth Double.

NO DECEPTION HERE.

The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—
"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling, and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

"149, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, London, N., 1889.
"SIR,—I received the 'Gem' melodeon this morning, Wednesday, April the 3rd, and must say that I am delighted with it. It has a splendid tone, and a better one I never saw for such little money. I wish you every success in selling many of them, with many thanks for the one I have just received.—I remain, yours truly, G. ATTRIDGE."

"Training College, Saltley, Birmingham, 1889.
"Dear Sirs,—I received the 'Paragon' melodeon on Saturday morning. The beautiful instrument gives me entire satisfaction. I consider it a great bargain for the small sum of 18s. 6d. I shall be most happy to recommend it to any of my comrades who intend purchasing an instrument at any time, and thanks for your prompt attention to my order.—I am, Gentlemen, yours respectfully,
"P. H. ROE."

"R. I. Constabulary, Ballines, Mullingar, Westmeath, Ireland, 1889.
"Messrs. Campbell and Co. Gentlemen,—My order to hand this morning, and, in a word, allow me to say it justly deserves the title of 'Favourite' melodeon. I can assure you I will be most happy to recommend your establishment—an establishment which has gained for itself a world-wide reputation. In conclusion, thank you so much for your punctuality in executing my order, and also you have my permission in using this unsolicited testimonial in any way you choose.—Yours, &c.,
"ROBERT MILLS HARKIN.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co."

A MOST ASTOUNDING FACT.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND of our Patent Broad Reed Melodeons HAVE BEEN SOLD; and we have received the unprecedented number of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS and PRESS NOTICES from all parts of the World.

N.B.—Before purchasing a Musical Instrument of any other description, send for our NEW PRIVILEGE PRICE-LIST for Season 1889-90, now ready, entitling the holder to have any instruments mentioned in the List sent, carefully packed and carriage paid, to any address in Great Britain and Ireland, at the very low price quoted for each article. This valuable List contains numerous Illustrations of the leading and most popular Musical Instruments of the day, sent on receipt of one penny stamp to CAMPBELL and CO., Musical Instrument Makers, 116, Trongate, Glasgow.

The Prospect of Getting the Best of the Market

is too attractive for them, and the same sort of folk are year after year found lamenting the result of being in too great a hurry, and will, I suppose, so long as there is any of what is somewhat anomalously called ante-post betting. Talking of future-event gambling, I may mention that the Derby now and then is mentioned. Both Surefoot and Le Nord are backed at about 4 to 1.

Signorina would be at 2 to 1 Now,

I expect, were she in the big Epsom event. Certain punters like to speculate a long while before the Derby, and I may say that, if they are only well enough posted, and are plucky enough to back all the good goods, it is very seldom indeed that they get a bad book. But

A Fearful Amount of Pluck

is needed to keep on laying out money for months before the fixture. Still, I could name

One Backer who Generally has £30,000

on the race, and has made a big profit for years.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Rugby Game of Football

has for its strongholds, in England, Yorkshire and the Metropolis; and about as far back as one's football memory can be carried the two strongest metro-

politan clubs have been Blackheath and Richmond. For many seasons the struggle for supremacy around London lay between these two organisations, both the Wasps and the Harlequins having gone down the hill. The migration of Scotsmen to London was, however, bound to have some tangible result sooner or later, for some of the fine players turned out by the Loretto and Fettes Colleges were bound to migrate south, and the bond of kinsmanship existing between Scotsmen could be relied upon to do the rest. The result has been the establishment of the

London Scottish

Football Club, which has drawn to its ranks all the best Scottish players residing in or near London, and has sometimes more than disputed supremacy with Blackheath and Richmond. Last year the star of London Scottish was particularly in the ascendant.

The matches between the three clubs named are always eagerly looked forward to, the more perhaps because, now there is no England v. Scotland match, the London Scottish contests are valued for their international character, besides for the good play exhibited. One has every reason to congratulate players of the Rugby game upon its popularity, as evinced by the congregation of some 6000 people to witness

Blackheath and London Scottish

play their first match of the season on Saturday afternoon last.

Last year Blackheath came universally to grief, and, although it sounds somewhat uncomplimentary to the other players, it is remarkable that A. E. Stoddart was away in Australia, while, now he is back again, Blackheath's tide of defeat has turned, and they appear to be as strong as ever. London Scottish have been playing up apparently in their

usual fine form, and so a very close contest was anticipated. This anticipation was, however, not realised, Blackheath carrying all before them from start to finish. From their kick-off Blackheath rushed the ball close to their opponents' line, and twice their men looked like getting in. Then, for some fifteen minutes, the only noteworthy events were penalty free kicks, and then that indomitable player G. C. Hubbard got a try, the opportunity accruing through good passing, Buckland finally giving Hubbard the ball. From the "place" Stoddart kicked a goal. This was all that was done in the first half.

SAMSON V. SANDOW.

During the

Second Half

each side did its best, and the general play was very fine. But Stoddart gained a try, and was once more successful with the place kick, and soon afterwards Pilcher got a third try, Stoddart failing at goal. Later on Percy Christopherson did what he is expected to do at least once in a match—viz. dropped a goal, the ball being well passed across to him. This was heavy scoring enough, but it was to be added to, for Hubbard got in again, and his try was converted by Stoddart into a goal. As the Scotsmen scored nothing, Blackheath gained a

Notable Victory

by four goals and a try, which is a tremendous score to pile up against London Scottish.

The other crack metropolitan club, Richmond, went to Bradford, where, a week before, Blackheath had sustained an unlucky defeat. Richmond's form this season, they had not much to hope for, and were beaten by a goal and a try to nothing. Things might well have been worse, and the Surrey club has to thank Mitchell and Gould for much. Bradford have some fine players, including Hawcridge. Ten thousand people witnessed the match. The Old Leysians had an effective stop put to their series of victories by Cambridge University, who beat them by two goals and two tries to two goals.

The Football League

competition again produced some splendid games. After their third defeat the chances of Preston North End were none too well fancied against the Blackburn Rovers, whom they played at Blackburn. The Preston men, however, were playing in their old style, and a very exciting contest took place. Up to near the end Preston led by four goals to three, when the Rovers claimed to have taken another goal, and this was thought by the majority to be the case. The referee, however, did not allow the goal, as he said he could not see, and so Preston won. In the same contest Aston Villa just beat the Wolverhampton Wanderers by two goals to one, after a splendid game.

30,000 Persons

enjoyed the spectacle of the League matches alone.

Oxford University Association

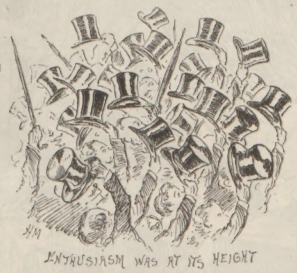
Eleven went to West Bromwich, where, the occasion not being a Cup or League match, there was hardly anyone to look on, instead of the thousands that are usually present. Possibly the locals thought that the match would be so easy a victory for the Albion as to be uninteresting; but, if this view was taken, it was wrong, since Oxford won by three goals to two. Both Oxford and Cambridge seem to be very strong in both departments of the game this year.

The Strong Man

has always been an object of public adoration, and last week the public had every opportunity for indulging in its worship of muscle. Men strong beyond the ordinary run of people have always been sufficiently scarce to become historical. Topham is the English Samson of history; but it is quite possible that many men now living can equal, if not surpass, all that he ever accomplished. I doubt, for instance, whether Topham could have done better than lift 1384 lb. with the two hands, which feat was achieved by H. Lenssey, in March 1880, at Cincinnati, or raise 3239 lb. in harness, as did W. B. Curtis (an amateur, by the way), in New York, in December 1868. Whether the

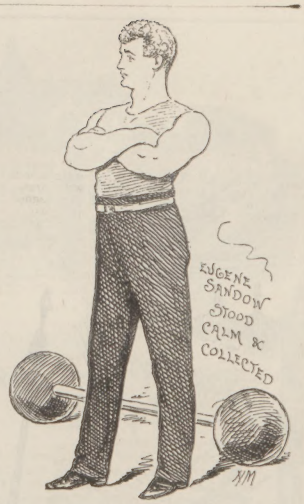
Trials of Strength

which have taken place at the Aquarium were well-gotten up affairs of the management seems to me to be quite beside the question. However they were brought about, they were unquestionably to the



SAMSON V. SANDOW.

taste of the public, who attended in large numbers on Saturday and paid a sovereign for a place to see Sandow tackle Samson. From the way these professors of muscle bring up pupils, it would seem as though any well-built person could be trained to feats of strength, if we had not the example of our blacksmiths and puddlers constantly before us. Samson seemed to have lost favour with the public, and everybody was for Sandow, who fairly earned the victory he achieved. Two members of the Peerage sat upon the stage as arbitrators, and all must agree that they were much better occupied than they would probably have been had they lived fifty years earlier; for then, in all probability, a rat-killing match or cock-fight, instead of a



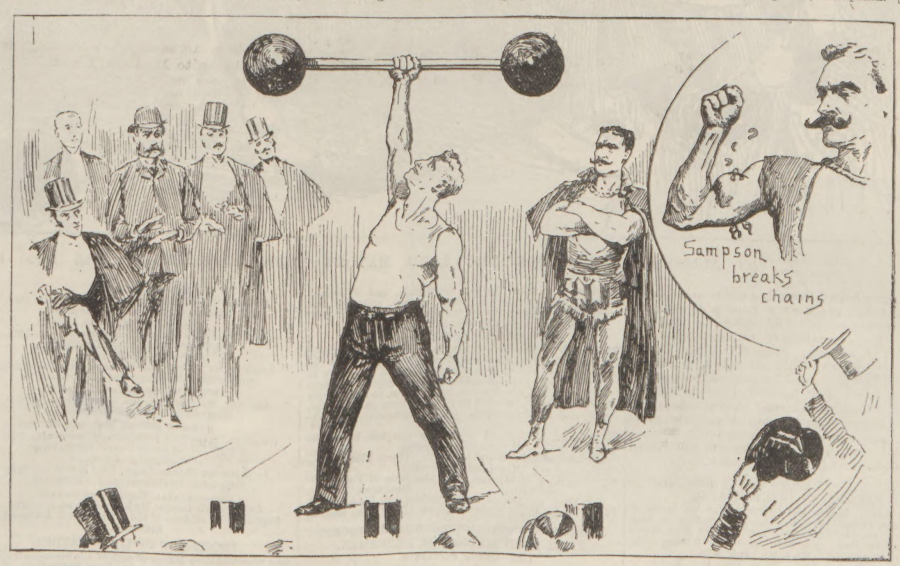
SAMSON V. SANDOW.

decidedly manly exhibition, would have been in progress. These gentlemen are to be commended for the determined way they disqualified all "tricks," leaving the issue to be decided by strength of muscle. Samson by his conduct will still more lose his hold

SAMSON V. SANDOW.

on public favour. Had he but come forward and admitted himself beaten he would have carried the spectators with him. Moderation in victory and resignation in defeat are great virtues.—BANSHEE

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.



THE TRIAL OF STRENGTH AT THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM: SANDOW BEATS SAMSON WITH THE 150-LB. BAR.

AN ALLEGORICAL CAR FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, DESIGNED BY THE HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

We sincerely hope fine weather will be vouchsafed us on Saturday, in order that London's thousands may witness in comfort and under the brightest auspices the exceptionally brilliant Ninth of November Celebration Lord Mayor Sir Henry Isaacs is to favour us with. It will be gathered from our Illustration, which represents one special bit of pageantry, that the Hon. Lewis Wingfield has prepared quite a glowing feast of colour for the Lord Mayor's Show that is to commemorate the 700th anniversary of the great civic institution. The novel features of the gay procession are thus described in the programme:—

GROUPS ILLUSTRATING THE SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF OLD ENGLAND.

Hawking Party. Ladies and Gentlemen in the Dress of A.D. 1460, preceded by Two Keepers on foot bearing Hawks on Circular Perches. (Loutheral MS., Brit. Mus.)
Shooting at the Butt. A.D. 1300. Archers Practising with Crossbows. (Harl. MS., Brit. Mus.)
Quarterstaff. A.D. 1300. (Harl. MS., Brit. Mus.)
Tilting at the Ring. The Quintain. A.D. 1300. (Roman de la Rose, Brit. Mus.)
Maying. A.D. 1300. Ladies, Gentlemen, and Attendant Minstrels under the May-tree. A tree, pollarded and decked with flowers, was in vogue at an earlier date than the Maypole. (2 B. VII. MS., Brit. Mus.)

Preparing for the Tournament.

The Queen of Beauty and her Maids of Honour. Youths distributing the small shields worn in the hat by the partisans of the various Knights, Herald in charge of the Standards of the Knights, a Bevy of Boy Trumpeters, a Procession of Six Knights, lance in rest, in full panoply of Tournament, followed by their Esquires on horseback, fully armed and equipped. (Hans Burckmaier, of Frankfort.)
The Chase. Ladies and Gentlemen carrying bows and arrows and boar spears.
The Lord of Misrule and his Court. (Piers Plowman.)
The Lord of Misrule.
The King of Wisdom. The King of Folly.
Musicians. Mummers.
A Bevy of Jesters, with Baubles and Bladders.
Pipers of the Royal Scots. Pipers of the Scots Guards.

ENGLISH WORTHIES WHO TRACE DESCENT FROM LORD MAYORS OR ALDERMEN.

1533—Queen Elizabeth.
Ancestor, Sir Geoffrey Bullen, Lord Mayor A.D. 1457.
Her canopy supported by Elizabethan gentlemen.

1561—Lord Bacon.
Ancestor, Sir Thomas Coke, Alderman A.D. 1482.
Supported by Yeomen of the period.

1594—John Hampden.
Ancestor, Ralph Warren, Lord Mayor A.D. 1536.
Supported by a Party of Puritans.

1599—Oliver Cromwell.
Ancestor, Sir Thomas Martin, Lord Mayor A.D. 1518.
Supported by Soldiers of the Commonwealth.

1650—Duke of Marlborough.
Ancestor, Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor A.D. 1558.
Supported by Soldiers of the period.

1675—Sir Robert Walpole.
Ancestor, Sir Edward Barkham, Alderman A.D. 1580.
Supported by Lords (*temp.* Queen Anne).

1708—Earl of Chatham.
Ancestor, Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor A.D. 1558.
Supported by Citizens (*temp.* George III.)

1718—General Marquis of Granby.
Ancestor, Sir Baptist Hicks, Alderman A.D. 1611.
Supported by Soldiers of the White Horse Hanoverian Regiment.

PROCESSION OF LORD MAYORS.

One representative Mayor of each of the seven centuries of the Mayoralty, supported by four Halberdiers of his period. This series is interesting, as exemplifying the strange and peculiar changes in the colour and shape of the Mayoral robes.

Sir Henry Fitzalwyn	...	A.D. 1190
Sir Gregory de Rocksby	...	A.D. 1285
Sir Richard Whittington	...	A.D. 1396
Sir Edmund Shaw	...	A.D. 1480
Sir John Gresham	...	A.D. 1547
Sir William Craven	...	A.D. 1611
John Wilkes	...	A.D. 1775

(Supported by four individuals in the gear affected by the Rioters of '45.)

The Lord Mayor's Show will leave Guildhall at noon, and take the following route: Gresham-street, Moorgate-street, Finsbury-pavement, Westwall, Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate-street Without, Houndsditch, Minories, Tower-hill, Trinity-square, Great Tower-street, Eastcheap, Cannon-street, St. Paul's-churchyard, Ludgate-hill, Fleet-street, to the Royal Courts of Justice: returning by way of the Strand, Northumberland-avenue, Victoria Embankment, Queen Victoria-street, Queen-street, King-street, to the Guildhall.

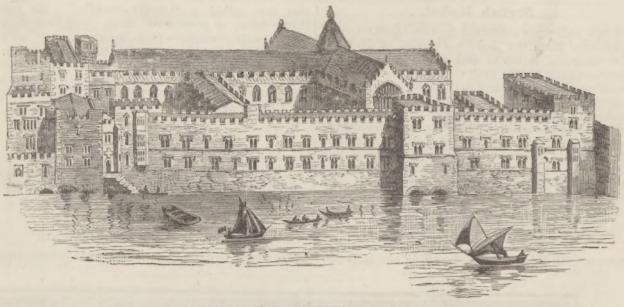
LONDON RAMBLES.—No. V.

THE SAVOY.

YESTERDAY, wandering along the Embankment, I stopped in front of the new Savoy Hotel, which hitherto I have seldom looked at except from a distance. From afar the building looks uncommonly like a gigantic house of cards which might be blown over by the first strong puff of wind; and, while the Abbey and St. Paul's, with the modesty of old age, seem to be always trying to melt away into the heavy grey London atmosphere, the Savoy, from whatever point of view you may look at it, rises white and staring and aggressive as youth. A close examination shows that its walls are built of substantial brick, that all its front windows open upon balconies, and that it runs around the four sides of a court not unlike those found in all large Continental houses. But that which strikes one most is its great gorgeousness. Pillars of brown marble, with gilded capitals, support the balconies; the railings in all this splendour just here. Hotels are the modern palaces. And years ago the old Savoy Palace of the Lancasters, named after the uncle of Henry III.'s Queen Eleanor, from almost the same spot where the hotel now stands, looked out upon the river, which, unchanged, flows past towards the sea between banks ever changing. Will the hotel, one wonders, ever have a past so well worth recording as that of the palace? In all the dinners and dances given within its walls, will there be one to commemorate the marriage of a poet so great and so beloved by posterity as

Geoffrey Chaucer?

Is there something prophetic in this great pile, so typical of the wealth of to-day, being erected where the river-side palace, the stronghold of the wealth and power of other days, was sacked and burned in the name of religion and liberty? Can you imagine General Booth's fate linked with the hotel as Wicliffe's was with the old Savoy? And some day if the people rise, as the peasants under John Ball, Jack Straw, and Wat Tyler rose many centuries ago, do you think it likely that the great modern caravansaries of the rich—of those who live on unearned increment—will be the objects of their wrath, as the palaces of the all-powerful nobles were of the hundred thousand men who from Kent and Essex poured into London? Will history repeat itself?



THE SAVOY HOSPITAL IN 1650.

SAVOY CHAPEL.

And so it comes about, strangely enough, that, lingering on the Embankment, with signs of London's greatness on every side, close to all this splendour, one is set thinking of

John Ball,

the humble preacher, who fired the peasants of the south with the desire to shake off the yoke under which they groaned. And if you do not know the story of the Rebellion—so important in its bearing on English history—of which he was one of the leaders, read it as William Morris has told it in a volume published little more than a year ago.

I know to most people

The Savoy Means "Pinafore" and "Patience,"

and "The Yeomen of the Guard," and perhaps those who besiege the Savoy Theatre in long eager line at the pit door think this the pleasantest meaning it could have. But there is pleasure of another kind to be found in the green enclosure with the long, low, grey church, steps leading down to it from the graveyard, and the queer, bare, windowless west end, where a little tower, unlike any other I have ever seen, just shows itself above the roof.

The Ancient Church,

unfortunately very much repaired and restored, with the name alone has survived palace and prison and hospital and all the buildings and landmarks of the old Savoy. It is a Chapel Royal now, and the graveyard has received the last of the many dead laid to rest there. To this day, however, many a pleasant wedding takes place in the old chapel, of which the Rev. Henry White is the popular chaplain, and Mr. Frost the erudite organist. It is another of

London's Quiet Corners.

Climb the steep flight of steps here sketched, and you are in the Strand. But few people ever turn away from the street so full of life and bustle to see the Savoy Chapel Royal, and there, all day long, it is left to its loneliness, a little green spot refreshing to the men at work in the factories and printing houses which look down upon it. "At its base a river runs for all the world; at its summit is the brawling, raging Strand: on either side are darkness and poverty and vice, the gloomy Adelphi arches, the Bridge of Sighs that men call Waterloo. But the precinct troubles itself little with the noise and tumult; it sleeps well through life without its fitful fever." It was in the lofty Lancaster House overlooking the Savoy Chapel Royal that the sprightly and hospitable Savage Club for many years held their famous Saturday night entertainments. But this accomplished brotherhood of the Arts (with the most genial of secretaries in Mr. E. J. Wade) has now moved to a fine club-house of its own, lit by electricity and very cosy, on Adelphi-terrace, whence the river Thames looks wonderfully picturesque by night.

RAMBLER.

front, too, are gilded; and, indeed, the general effect suggests that the gilder has been let loose upon the premises with orders to do his very best.

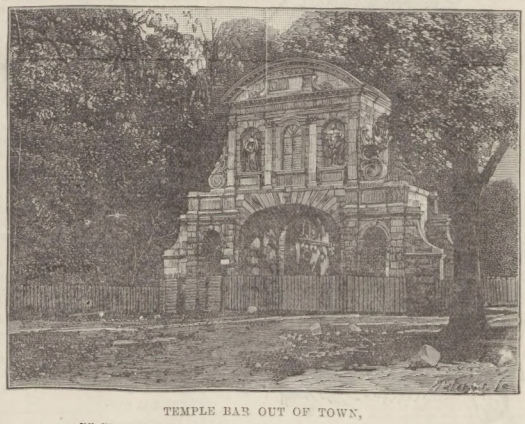
The Old Savoy Palace.

There is a certain appropriateness in finding

SAVOY STEPS, LEADING FROM THE STRAND.

BANISHED TEMPLE BAR.

WHEN all London is on the eve of flocking to see the promised revival of the glories of the Lord Mayor's Show, it may be deemed opportune to present an Engraving of "Good Old" Temple Bar, as it stands now in the park of Sir Henry Meux on the borders of Middlesex and Hertfordshire. We cannot but think it is a great pity that the Corporation of the City of London did not re-erect this historic gate somewhere within the City boundary, so that the citizens who ran might have read in its stones the story of the past right back to the period when traitors' heads were stuck upon the top of the ancient Bar. But, as it is, in its green old age Temple Bar (removed from its original site at the juncture of the Strand and Fleet-street some eleven years ago) is spending a quiet time of rustication at Theobalds, Cheshunt, near Enfield Chase. Our View is from the photograph taken by Messrs. Whitley and Co., Turner's-hill, Cheshunt.



TEMPLE BAR OUT OF TOWN,
RE-ERECTED IN THE CHESHUNT PARK OF SIR HENRY MEUX.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A Clever Lady,

who belongs to the world of titled women, has an article on her own sex in the *Nineteenth Century* for this month. She very truly says that the education of women has grown so enormously during the last few years that a "different standard of perfection has been raised," and that, in addition to all the

Light and Airy Graces

they possessed in the old days, the "more grave and serious parts of education must not be found wanting." There are a great many very shrewd remarks in Lady Catherine Gaskell's article; but they do not all apply to the many hundreds of women who have to fight the battle of life in a sphere somewhat lower than her Ladyship's own. Just at the end she gives

An Amusing Account

of the engagements of one afternoon. It concludes thus: "There was only one little mishap—the fish did not arrive in time. Jack grumbled at this, and said it was my fault; that I ought to have remembered, &c. I am always at a loss to solve the problem," her Ladyship continues, "why a woman is always expected to do the remembering for her family through life." Now, in spite of what

Lady Catherine Gaskell

says about its being hard upon a woman to have to do all the remembering for her family, a good memory is a great help to a woman if she wishes to keep the love and admiration of her husband. He is sure to have any amount of harmless fads, just as you yourself have. Call them fads—to yourself, as children say—if you like, but

Humour them:

it will please him, and it will not hurt you. If he likes to find his slippers in a certain place when he comes home, see that they are there. It may be the very worst place in the whole house for slippers in your opinion: never mind that. There let him find them. If he likes his newspaper cut for him, be sure that it is cut before he opens it; and do not take a whole twelvemonth to remember that he takes but one lump of sugar in his tea. That he very often made himself ill by not remonstrating when you gave him three before he married you is nothing to the purpose now. It is your husband, not your lover, you have to please.

We had a few bright and pleasant days last week. If any of you went out to enjoy that pastime, specially dear to women, of

Looking at the Shops,

I should not be surprised to hear that you were attracted in Oxford-street by the pretty things in the windows of No. 314, Messrs. D. H. Evans and Co. The "Macbeth" cloaks, made in all colours, are very pretty and inexpensive. They look not unlike the cloaks worn by the

Nursing Sisters;

but they are a shade more dressy, as they are "tied in" at the waist behind, and "smocked" round the shoulders. The price of these pretty wraps—they look very well on tall, slight figures—is only one guinea and a half. If you want a really

Stylish Jacket,

let me call your attention to the Illustration I reproduce from the *Lady's Pictorial* of Nov. 2. The material is warm and comfortable but at the same time pretty grey cloth, made to open in front over a light vest of astrachan. The jacket is cut in the present smart fashion—short at the back, and gradually growing longer from hip to waist. It has small side-pockets, and the sleeves are slightly raised upon the point of the shoulder. The front is ornamented with double revers: two are of the black astrachan and two of the grey cloth, handsomely braided in black. For my own wear, I should have one set of revers only; but on some figures the double ornamentation will not look amiss. The

Proper Hat

to wear with this jacket is shown in our Illustration. It is in grey felt, trimmed with black and grey feathers. For slight mourning this hat and jacket would be very effective. Messrs. Evans have on view some very pretty and inexpensive shoes. Those in patent leather for impromptu dances will be found useful. The "Court" shoe is very apt to come off if you are

Dancing on a Carpet,

but these little shoes are fastened over the instep with a strap and button, which are completely hidden by a smart bow of ribbon. The dancing season may be said to have now begun. I hope you young things are careful not to catch cold by the simple precaution of wrapping up well when you leave the heated house after the fun is over. And I hope, too, you are not silly enough to sit on a draughty staircase between the dances. Many a woman has caught her death in that way, or laid up the seeds of lifelong delicacy. Never mind whether you are called a "molly-coddle": do not throw away a possession more precious than gold—your health—just because some silly person laughs. Five minutes of that keen air from the open window on the landing may change your whole life for you. It may even leave an empty chair in the home you love and are happy in. Think of it. MARGUERITE.

STYLISH HAT AND JACKET FOR NOVEMBER.

CYCLE & CAMERA

Have you seen the reports of the latest

Military Cycling Experiments

made about two weeks ago? They are interesting, not so much because of what was accomplished as because once more the limitations of soldier-cyclists have been emphasised.

The evolutions at Barnet were made at night. As usual, fate, in the shape of bad weather, was against the cyclists, and the roads were hilly, muddy, and under repair. That under these circumstances the value of cyclists is considerably at a discount even the firmest believers in the future of military cycling admit. But these are just the circumstances which must be looked for in actual warfare. For the benefit of the cyclist corps the battle-field cannot be limited to level country, nor can the battle wait for a clear day and dry highways; while roads under repair are nothing compared to roads out of repair after an army has passed over them. Soldier-cyclists keep hoping that "next time" everything will be more propitious, and that they will then show what wonders they are capable of. But they ought to be better satisfied as it is, for fair-weather trials would not have half the value of experiments in which the elements as well as the enemy have to be fought against.

The limitations of soldier-cyclists must be admitted before their possibilities are realised. When it is known what they cannot do, it will be less difficult to decide what they can do. For this reason all experiments are valuable, even though they may have but negative value. The view illustrates one which several officers have turned their attention to. One of the greatest dangers cycling scouts or small bodies of cyclists run is to be surprised by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry, from whom, if the road were in bad condition or mounted a steep hill, there would be no escape. To meet this emergency, cyclists are to be drilled to form, at the first attack of cavalry, a square with their machines, and to resist the charge from behind this barricade. The photograph gives a good idea of how it is proposed to execute this movement.

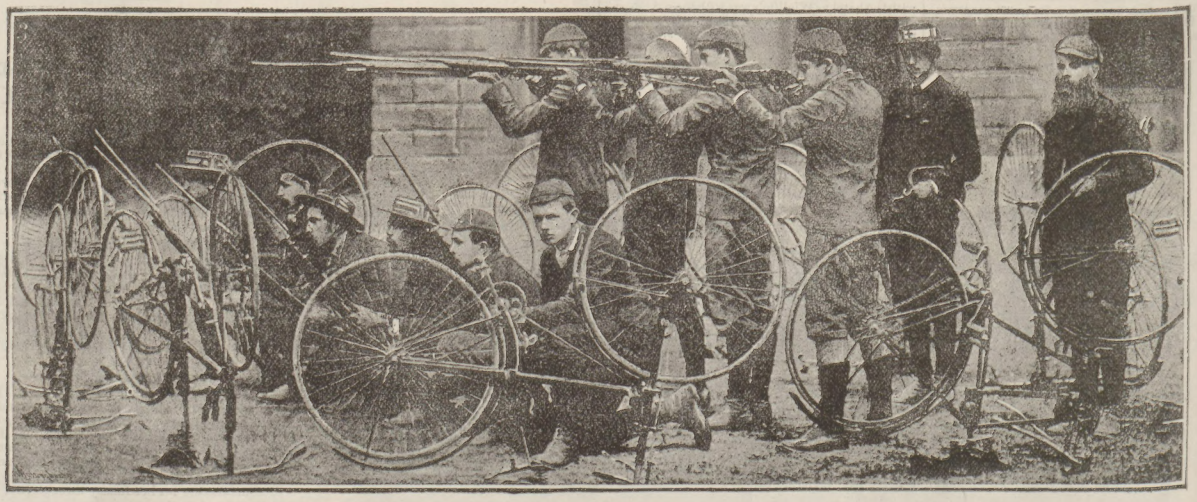
It is excellent in theory, and very ingenious. But at the first manœuvres in which the Cyclist Corps took part, horses, which it is supposed could not break this square, did leap over the machines. And besides, it is extremely doubtful whether cycles, which are delicately constructed machines, would stand the very rough usage to which they would be subjected during the formation of the square and the subsequent attack. Everyone who has had practical experience on the road knows that it does not do to take many liberties with his cycle. It must always be remembered that the value of the soldier-cyclist depends upon his being mounted: it is in this that his superiority to infantry consists. But I am afraid, even if he routed the cavalry in the first instance, he would only too often have to return to the main body on foot carrying his cycle instead of being carried by it. There was more sound sense in the manœuvres last year, when the cycling scouts, at a critical moment, left their machines well protected behind a hedge, I think it was.

Hansoms, and all light vehicles save cycles, have now the right of way over Constitution Hill. The carriage-way is so narrow that the officials, with their usual wisdom, think it not expedient to allow bicycles to use the road! This is as delightfully absurd as the suggestion that cycles should be taxed because of their wear-and-tear of the highways! A bicycle too wide for a road where a hansom may go! But it is really only another proof of the prejudice which still exists against cyclists—a prejudice which is a little less than it was a few years ago, but still strong enough to make a hard fight necessary every time cyclists have occasion to demand their rights. Their exclusion from Constitution Hill ought not to be accepted in silence. It is, at times, as inconvenient for the cyclist as for the hansom-driver to be obliged to go all the way round Buckingham Palace in order to reach Hyde Park-corner, and there is absolutely no rhyme or reason for the distinction. It is to be hoped someone will take the matter up.

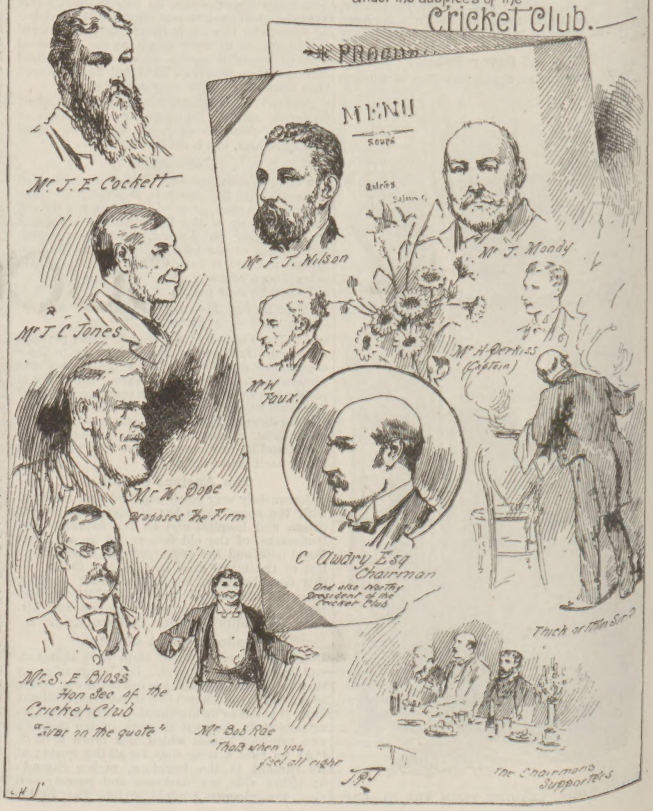
One is already beginning to hear a great deal about the Stanley Show. It will be held again in January, and, like last year, at the Crystal Palace. I am sorry it outgrew the Aquarium, which is so much more accessible to most people. N.C.U.

W. H. SMITH AND SON'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

Nothing like a cricket and athletic club for stimulating the *esprit de corps* of any great firm! The zealous workers of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, acknowledged chiefs of the news-agency business, have long found this to be the case. Eloquent proof of this was forthcoming last Saturday evening at the Holborn Restaurant, where Mine Host Hamp provided an admirable dinner for the numerous members of Mr. W. H. Smith and Son's Cricket Club and their friends. Mr. C. Awdry, a respected member of the firm, ably presided over 120 diners. Among the guests were Mr. Charles Fox and Mr. J. J. Proctor, our Artist, who hits off the salient features with accustomed skill. Mr. Awdry made an excellent Chairman, and appropriately gave the genial keynote to the occasion as President of the Cricket Club. He congratulated the members on their retaining the Cup presented by the London Printing Association, and duly praised the popular Captain, Mr. H. Perkiss, and the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. S. E. Bloss, who has sedulously served the club for nine years. These gentlemen, with Mr. J. E. Cockett, Mr. W. Faux, Mr. F. Wilson, Mr. J. Moody, Mr. W. Pope, and others, are portrayed by our Artist, who spent a most pleasant evening. May the sociable example spread!



MILITARY CYCLING.—RESISTING ATTACK OF CAVALRY: REAR RANK POURING IN FINAL VOLLEY.
From a Photograph by Messrs. Gilman and Co., Oxford.



V.S. V.S. V.S.

SINGER'S

NEW

VIBRATING

SHUTTLE

MACHINE

IS THE

BEST HOUSEHOLD SEWING MACHINE

Ever Offered to the Public.

IT HAS THE

SIMPLEST SHUTTLE,

SHORTEST NEEDLE,

BEST STITCH ADJUSTMENT,

MOST PERFECT TENSION,

IS NOISELESS, and

MAKES the PRETTIEST STITCH.

Complete Accessories, Handsome Cabinet Work.

EASY TO BUY.

EASY TO LEARN.

EASY TO WORK.

FOR CASH TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT,

OR ON HIRE WITH OPTION OF PURCHASE.

Liberal Allowance for Old Machines.

THE

SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

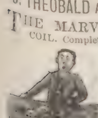
MANAGEMENT FOR UNITED KINGDOM.

39, Foster-lane, London, E.C.

AND 497 BRANCHES IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

J. THEOBALD AND CO.'S SPECIALTIES.

THE MARVELLOUS ELECTRIC COIL. Complete apparatus: a powerful Electric Coil, Contact Breaker, Platinum, Handles, Wires, Stand, Coil, Armatures, and Fittings complete, free, 1s. 3d. Very superior ditto with powerful Battery, 2s. 9d. Warranted to work. Selling in thousands. MODEL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH, complete with Battery, 1s. 3d. Pair for 2s. 6d.



POWERFUL ELECTRIC BELL APPARATUS, 3s. 6d.

THE CHRISTMAS BABY.—Great fun: grows to an enormous size, shrivels up to almost nothing: cries, yells, coos; is good, bad, or indifferent, as desired. Post free, 1s. 2d.; Three for 3s. RAG DOLLS.—The best-dressed Rag Doll in London, 3 ft. high, free, 1s. 4½d., best quality only.

THE KENSINGTON MODEL STEAM-ENGINE.—Works by steam for one hour at each operation. Strong metal boiler, brass flywheel, lubricator, brass supports, tripod stand and furnace complete. Post-free, 1s. 3d. Larger and better models, with powerful cylinder and safety-valve, 2s. 9d., 3s. 3d., and 10s. 6d. The marvellous HORIZONTAL ENGINE, brass boiler on large stand, 10 in. by 7 in. by 7 in., and with working circular saw included, 18s. 6d.

NIGGER AND AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—Immense assortment; only best quality. Moustachios, 6d.; Whiskers and Moustachios, 1s.; Beards, 1s.; Full ditto, 1s. 6d.; Nigger's Wigs, 2s. 3d., or rising top, 3s. 3d.; Sets of Bones, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d.; Black for Faces, 8d. and 1s. 2d.; Collars, 1s. 2d. and 1s. 6d.; Cuffs, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. pair; Shirt Fronts, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.; False Noses, 6d.; Tambourines, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.; Banjos, 4s. 6d., 6s. 6d., 8s. 6d.; Spangles, 7d. and 1s 2d. per packet; Boxes of Theatrical Make-up, Paints, Powders, Rouge, Brushes, &c., 2s. 9d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; Masks of every description.

THE NEW RUBBER ARROW SHOOTER.—Brass-tipped arrow, rubber, and apparatus complete. Will carry 300 feet with unerring precision. Post free, 10d.

THE FAIRY GAS ENGINE.—Fits on to any gas-burner. A brilliant wheel of fire constantly revolving at great speed. Makes enormous attraction. No danger, no expense, no attention, work itself. Price complete, carriage free, 1s. 9d.

VENTRILOQUISM.—All about it, and How to Learn it. By the great Professor MacCabe, 112 pages, post-free, 1s. 2d. MAGIC and its Mysteries.—How to make conjuring tricks and how to perform them. Illustrated, 142 pages. By Professor Theobald. 1s. 3d. CARD TRICKS, 96 pages, explaining forty good card tricks, 7d. RIDDLES and JOKES, 136 pages, 1s. 2d. Thought-Reading explained fully, 1s. 2d. The magician's pack of CONJURING CARDS, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 8d.

MECHANICAL WALKING-MAN and GARDEN-ROLLER. Splendid new working model. Travels most naturally. Free, 1s. 6d.

MECHANICAL CHILD and PERAMBULATOR, 1s. 6d.

MECHANICAL LOCOMOTIVE, sending out real smoke, 2s. 9d.; without smoke, 1s. 9d.

GRAND ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE, with 500 Engravings, post-free, 1d. Novelties of every description imaginable. Special Catalogue of Steam Engines and Parts, 3d. Special Catalogue of Magic Lanterns, Slides, and Apparatus, 3d. Extra Special ditto, 200 pages, 8d.

J. THEOBALD and COMPANY

(Established 50 Years),

7a, BATH-PLACE, and 20, CHURCH-STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.

THE "PARKER" UMBRELLA (Registered). Patronised by Royalty.

5000 SILK UMBRELLAS, 2s. 6d. each, direct from the Manufacturers. Ladies' or Gents'; Plain or Twill Silk; Parker's hollow Ribbed Frames, beautifully carved and mounted sticks. Sent, Parcel Post free, 2s. 9d. or 3 stamps. 15,000 Sold in Twelve Months. Re-covering, &c., neatly done.—J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield.

TO STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured without hardship or nauseating drugs. A valuable Treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened) and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application. "The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Med. Review.

E. K. LYNTON, Bloomsbury Mansion, Bloomsbury, London.

NICHOLSON'S.

ESTABLISHED FIFTY YEARS.

"Good Taste with Economy," Wholesale City Prices.

DONOVAN ONE GUINEA STYLISH AUTUMN JACKET.

In Smooth-Faced Cloth, with Beaver Collar and Lappel, Black and Colours.

MEDAL awarded to D. NICHOLSON and CO., PARIS EXHIBITION, for Excellence in Manufacture of Mantles, Costumes, and Furs.

The Choicest and Cheapest Stocks of

DRESS FABRICS, SILKS, & VELVETS.

PATTERNS FREE.

New Costumes and Mantles at Wholesale City Prices.

100 Illustrations of Costumes, Jackets, Mantles, Ball and Evening Costumes; also Price List of **Household Linen, Furs, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Underclothing,** &c. Post Free.

Patterns sent of all the **New Dress Fabrics,** from 6d. to 2s. 6d. per yard. Patterns Free.

Evening Materials. Mourning Materials. Calicoes. Linens. Sheetings. Flannels. Patterns Free.

BALL DRESSES.

Illustrations Free.

Extension of Premises, Incorporation of 4, Cheapside and 68, Paternoster-row.

NICHOLSON & CO.,

50 to 54, St. Paul's-churchyard; 4, Cheapside; and 66, 67, and 68, Paternoster-row, London.

IRISH **4/6 Linen Collars.** Gent's Four-fold all Pure Linen Collars, all sizes and shapes, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Sample White Shirt, Linen Fittings, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each, post-free. PURE IRISH LINEN GOODS AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Children's size, 1s. 3d. per doz. Ladies' size .. 2s. 3d. ,, Gents.' size .. 3s. 6d. ,,

Hemstitched. Ladies' size .. 2s. 11d. per doz. Gents.' size .. 4s. 11d. ,,

SAMPLES and Price List of Handkerchiefs and Hand-made Irish Linen FREE to all parts. All parcels carriage paid.

G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

A MAHOMMEDAN MUNCHI DURING THE GREAT MOHURRAM FESTIVAL and ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

"Station Staff Office, Surat, Oct. 3, 1889.—Sir,—It may interest you to know the effect of your Eno's 'Fruit Salt' on a Munchi in this city. He had never heard of it, and was complaining of pains in the head from effects of over-eating at the 'Mohurram Festival,' so I told him to take a bottle from me, and he did. The day after his pains were gone, and he had given the whole bottle to his family, who said they felt different people. He now swears by it, and has advised all the other Mahommedans in this city to take it, *and they have actually taken to it* as a usual thing now. He is so pleased with it that he takes about half a bottle a week.—I am, Sir, yours truly, "A LIEUTENANT."

The Value of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally a poisonous imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

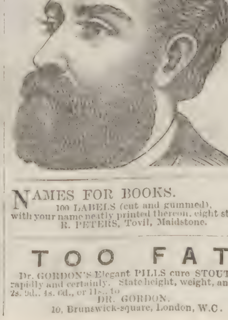
Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.—**GOLD MEDAL** awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE EASILY DIGESTED ECONOMICAL COCOA

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THOSE WHOSE DIGESTIVE ORGANS ARE WEAK.

"Sir C. A. CAMERON, M.D."



WHY?

WHY WHISKERS & MOUSTACHIOS are frequently very BACKWARD in GROWING?

WHY MANY PERSONS REMAIN BALD, or have Weak, Thin, and Falling Hair?

WHY MANY PERSONS REMAIN GREY?

Answers to all these Questions are given in LATREILLE'S TREATISE, entitled "CULTIVATION OF HAIR," sent by post, free of charge, to every Reader of "The Penny Illustrated Paper" who sends Name and Address to

JOHN LATREILLE, Hair Grower,

KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.

(Established 25 years at Walworth.)

NAMES FOR BOOKS. 100 LABELS (cut and gummed), with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. R. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

TOO FAT.

Dr. GORDON'S Elegant PILLS cure STOUTNESS rapidly and certainly. State height, weight, and send 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., or 11s., to DR. GORDON, 10, Brunswick-square, London, W.C.

SIX CABINET PORTRAITS, 3s.: Three for 2s. Twelve Carte Portraits, 2s. 2d.: Six for 1s. 4d. Eight-inch Enlargement, 3s.: Three for 6s. Send Carte or Cabinet and Postal Order, and you will promptly receive Highly Finished Copies with Original. FRANCIS and CO., 29, Ludgate-hill, London.

BLINDS from £3 5s. Westlake's self-acting SHOP BLINDS command the largest sale in the world, and are the best and cheapest in London. Payable £1 monthly; discount for cash.—WESTLAKE, 147 and 149, Great College-st., Camden Town.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA

NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER OR MILK.

ECONOMICAL, NUTRITIOUS.

"GRAVINA."

EDWARDS' GRAVY POWDER,

FOR GRAVIES, SOUPS, SAUCES, and Improving Stews and Hashes.

EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY.

A very Useful Book, sent post-free, on naming this Paper, from FREDK. KING & CO., Lt., 26, Waring-street, Belfast: 3 to 6, Camomile-street, London.

Proprietors of

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS, SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Seasonable Delicacy.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

With Stewed Fruit.

FOR BREAKFAST.

THE PERFECTION OF PREPARED COCOA.

TAYLOR BROTHERS'

"MARAVILLA" COCOA.

Sold in Tin-lined Packets only by all Grocers.

A SOLUBLE COCOA.

Making a delicious beverage of the consistency of Tea.

TAYLOR BROTHERS'

PURE CONDENSED COCOA.

AN AFTERNOON CHOCOLATE.

Sold in Tins only, by all Grocers.

TAYLOR BROTHERS, MARAVILLA, HOMŒOPATHIC, ROCK, FLAKE, PEARL, and PURE COCOA MANUFACTURERS.

Brick-lane and Wentworth-street Steam Mills, Spitalfields, London.

THE PUREST CONFECTIONERY CHEAPER THAN EVER, supplied by JOHN H. CATES, Wholesale and Export Confectioner, 90, High-street, Borough, S.E.

Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; and all orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town and Suburbs by our own vans daily. Send for List of Christmas Goods, now ready.

DR. RIDGE'S PATENT COOKED FOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

"USED NOW IN ALL THE ROYAL NURSERIES."

EMIGRATION TO QUEENSLAND BY STEAMER.

FREE PASSAGES are granted to FEMALE SERVANTS, Housemaids, Laundresses, Cooks, &c., of good character, between seventeen and thirty-five years of age, on payment of £1 for ship kit and fare to dépôt in London, all of whom are in great demand in the Colony, and receive wages from £20 to £50 per annum, and board and lodging. An experienced Matron accompanies each steamer, and, on arrival, passengers are received into the Government dépôt, free of cost.

Assisted passages are also granted to approved females, such as nurses, seamstresses, &c., and to labourers whose labour is connected with the land, such as ploughmen, gardeners, miners, navvies.

Forms of application, rates of passage, handbooks, and all other information may be obtained on application to

THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR QUEENSLAND, Westminster Chambers, 1, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

All persons who pay their own passages to the Colony should apply for LANDORDER WARRANTS before embarking. Forms and particulars to be obtained from the Shipping Firms booking the passengers, or from the Agent-General for Queensland. Warrants will not be issued to persons applying after they have left England.

DRURY-LANE (THE NATIONAL THEATRE). EVERY EVENING, at 7.20, THE OPERA CLOAK; at Eight, THE ROYAL OAK. Great Artistic Success. Roars of Laughter. Rounds of Applause.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Arthur Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Kate Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—Every Evening at Eight, LONDON DAY BY DAY, by Geo. R. Sims and Henry Pettitt. Doors open at Seven. Farce at 7.15. Box-office open daily, Ten to Five.

GLOBE THEATRE (under the Management of Miss Loie Fuller). EVERY EVENING, at Nine, CAPRICE, by Howard P. Taylor, revised by Fred W. Broughton. At Eight, A PROMISE. Box-office open daily from Ten to Five.

GIVEN AWAY, with every 6d. and 1s. Bottle of CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK, a Voucher entitling Purchaser to Name in Full or Monogram Rubber Stamp for marking linen or stamping paper. Sold everywhere, or direct from Works.—75, Southgate-road, London, N. CAUTION.—SEE YOU GET IT. Refuse all Colourable Imitations.

KNIGHTHOOD OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR. GOLD MEDAL, PARIS.

KENDAL and DENT'S WATCHES. The best value in the market. Largest sale in Great Britain. Silver Levers from 42s. Gold Levers from £5 5s. Grand value. Catalogues post-free. Agents wanted to form Watch, &c., Clubs. Apply, 106, Cheapside, London.

£2 Weekly Realised by Either Sex without hindrance to present occupation. For sample, &c., inclose addressed envelope to EVANS, WATTS, and CO. (P 5), Merchants, Birmingham.

WHISKERS, &c.—BALDNESS. Whiskerine positively forces luxuriant growth in a few days. Surprises everybody. Will prove it or forfeit £100. Free, 12 stamps.—J. RENNIE, Chemist, St. Luke's, Cork. Only test it.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS **are the BEST.**

PREPARED BY A NEW AND SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.

Medical opinion recommends them for the Health. Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for Comfort, Style, and Durability. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,

30, Milk-street, London.

Manufactory, Landport, Hants.

3s. SEWING MACHINE 3s.

Patented No. 7309.

Does work which will bear comparison with that of any £5 Machine. No complications therefore does not require to be learnt. No winding of Bobbins. No trouble: no experience. It will do the dressmaking, &c. Sent, carriage free, 3s. 6d.; two for 6s. 6d. Extra needles, 6d. and 1s. per Packet. Call and see them at work. Agents wanted. Address—

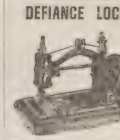
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,

10 DEPT., 55, CHANCERY-LANE, LONDON, W.C.

DO NOT FAIL

to send for design showing exact size of our

DEFIANCE LOCKSTITCH MACHINE,



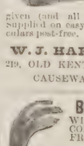
WORKS BY HAND OR TREADLE.

Only 40s. Complete.

Warranted for 4 years. Especially adapted for Dressmaking and Family Sewing, and so simple as to require no instruction beyond the Guide-Book which is given (and all accessories) with each Machine. Supplied on easy terms—at **5s.** per Month. Particulars post-free.

W. J. HARRIS and CO., Limited,

219, OLD KENT-ROAD and 69, NEWINGTON-CAUSEWAY, LONDON; and Branches.



BARR'S NIGGERS' GOODS.

WIGS, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s.; postage, 2d. COLLAR, 1s.; CUFFS, 2s.; postage, 2d. FRONT and CUFFS, 5s. 6d.; postage, 3d. NIGGER SUIT (splendid get-up), 21s.; postage, 6d. BANJOS, 3s. 10d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 15s., 21s.; postage, 6d. TAMBOURINES, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.; postage, 3d. BONES, 1s. 6d., 2s.; post, 3d. Prepared Black, 1s.; post, 2d. Carmine, 7d., 1s. 1d., free. BARR, Bow-lane, London.

DON'T READ THIS!

Unless you like music. One of our facile Self-Instructors is presented, gratis, with every Instrument. Price-List free. Musical Instruments and Fittings of every kind at the wholesale price, and carriage paid (See Testimonials in price-list). THE STAINER MANUFACTURING CO. (S Dept.) 31, Moorgate-st., London.

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED BY

Sir Morell Mackenzie

WHOSE TESTIMONIAL IS WITH EACH BOX.

FOR

THROAT IRRITATION, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS,

OF ALL CHEMISTS AT 1/1½

OR FOR 15 STAMPS FROM

Soden Mineral Produce Company, Limited, 52, BREAD ST., CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Flutes, Clarionettes, Concertinas, Harmoniums, Pianos, Cornets. Violins, with bows, in case, complete, 20s., 25s., 30s., 40s., 50s., sent carriage paid. G. BUTLER, 29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Catalogues, 50 pages, sent post-free.

BUTLER'S BRASS-BAND INSTRUMENTS, Drums, Flutes, Clarionets, Cornets, Saxhorns, &c., in use in all parts of the world, giving universal satisfaction.—29, Haymarket, London. Illustrated Price-List post-free.

D'ALMAINE and CO. PIANOS and ORGANS. ABSOLUTE SALE. 50 per cent discount. Ten years warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0, 14 gs.	Class 3, 23 gs.	Class 6, 35 gs.
Class 1, 17 gs.	Class 4, 26 gs.	Class 7, 40 gs.
Class 2, 20 gs.	Class 5, 30 gs.	Class 8, 45 gs.

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post-free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 104 years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with testimonials and directions for use), post-free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps, to Mrs. C. James, 268, Caledonian-road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists; or a box of it sent (with directions), free from observation, post-free, 15 stamps. Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

LUXURIANT HAIR.—Long Flowing Eyelashes, Eyebrows, &c., are Quickly Produced by using JAMES'S HERBAL POMADE. It is most invaluable for the production of whiskers, beard, and moustachios; it causes the hair to grow on bald places and scanty partings like magic. Of all Chemists, 1s.; or a box of it sent (with directions for use), free from observation, post-free for 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian-road, London, N.

PRINCIPAL CITIES OF GREAT BRITAIN: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SWANSEA.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SWANSEA AND THE MUMBLES.

[No. I.]

On merry Swansea Bay,
When the sun makes holiday,
Oh, it's good to go a-sailing up and down.
But when at dusk of night
Shines out the beacon light,
Oh, it's better to be courting in the town.
W. DAVIS.

WHO was W. Davis, I wonder, who epitomised his experiences of Swansea Bay and Swansea town in the song from which this verse comes? Whoever he may have been, he evidently knew his subject. It is not only the town itself, but the noble sweep of the bay away round to the islanded point at Mumbles Head, and, in the other direction, up the hill-kept coast south'ard—to say nothing of the surrounding hills and valleys inland—that give Swansea its charm for native and stranger alike. Indeed, in making the adventure of Swansea, you cannot do better than sail there in some well-found yacht, "when the sun makes holiday"! Your first impressions then will be lasting. The gleam of the sun on the

Mumbles Lighthouse

and on the seaward bastions of the town, where the curved piers stretch out their bold receiving arms to the incoming craft, lights up there a striking picture. And if in the background the chimneys of the copper-smelters, and the modern forges of Vulcan, and the massive cubes of the blast-furnaces are hardly to be called things of beauty, yet they help to give the picture its full modernity and suggestion of the immense, the Titanic, strife of man with the stubborn forces of nature. Was it not our æsthetic autocrat who formerly pointed out to an admiring audience the beautiful effects of London smoke, whose haze often lent the loveliness of the mysterious to the familiar ways of Fleet-street and the bebridged sweep of the Thames? There are those in Swansea who find an equal charm in its

Copper Smoke,

which can produce as pretty an article in the way of fogs as the capital of fogs itself. As one gazes up the coast, or two or three miles from the town, on a fit day of autumn, in more than one hollow betwixt the hills the smoke forms a mysterious canopy, full of volcanic suggestion; and the town in the same way might often be taken to be the gateway to some extravagant Dantesque region of mystery, rather than a somewhat unromantic commercial seaport town, with tramways and hotels and railway stations, *et tout cela!*

If you happen to land in Swansea at afternoon, you were well advised, before you begin to explore the town, to turn your steps to the pier, for there on a fine afternoon the youth and beauty of Swansea are given to parade in a way that will make the suggestion of the song above quoted, of going a-courting in the town, seem an eminently agreeable one. Then, the more serious business of inspecting the

Harbour and the Docks

will have a lurking association with æsthetics, and every ship at the wharves suggest the "lass that loves a sailor." But, in truth, the life and movement at the docks, especially at full tide, are enough in themselves to somewhat excite the imagination. Mr. John Dixon, who acts as the kindly but determined autocrat of the harbour and its endless activities, and with him many other men of affairs, control this hospitable "gateway of the sea" to great result. Under the guidance of

The "Master of the Gate"

just named (who is, by the way, as his name would imply, a Tynesider by birth, like so many other pioneers of nineteenth-century energy) the intricacies of the docks become a familiar matter. Calling his cab—in other words, a locomotive—he will lead you (if you can pass yourself off as a director) a merry dance up and down the twenty miles of sidings, past ships and hydraulic cranes, and immense warehouses, and dry docks and wet docks, until

Sir Hussey Vivian,

the local Gladstonian M.P.'s oracular dictum, "Swansea, you may depend upon it, is destined to become the ocean-port of England," will seem a trifling enough claim to make. The seaward and seagoing advantages of the port of Swansea are, in fact, great. Nature has ingeniously prepared the way, in those seaward flats and marshes, for the later harbour-building of man. Now there are long lines of quay-wall, and great ships, and hydraulic cranes which work with almost noiseless ease, and by night the electric light, where of old stretched the sea-marshes: a magical enough transformation, when one thinks of it. And all the while this immense enginery is being added to, as the sinews of war are made more and more secure. In the great dock workshops, the steam-hammers and forges seem never to rest. There, when the other day I passed through, a new installation of electric lighting was being prepared for, and Titanic chains and engine shafts and other appliances of dock-dredging, &c., were seen as clay in the hands of the potter. Some idea of this may be had when it is remembered that over

Ten Million and a Half Tons of Imports and Exports

pass the harbour in the year, representing over two million and a half sterling. And there is more to come. By the completion of the Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway, Swansea will be the nearest port to the celebrated Rhondda Valley (celebrated for its coal and its choral contests), and the classic "Cardiff Coal" will be shipped here under most favourable conditions. There is talk, too, of a wonderful virgin coal-field in the Avan (luckily, not the *Avon*!) Valley, to which Swansea will be the nearest port. What with these potential increases, and the excellent preparation made for them, *ad lib.*, in the splendid Prince of Wales's Deep-Sea Docks—which are, of course, much nearer the open sea than Cardiff or Barry—it is clear that the commercial future of Swansea ought to be great.

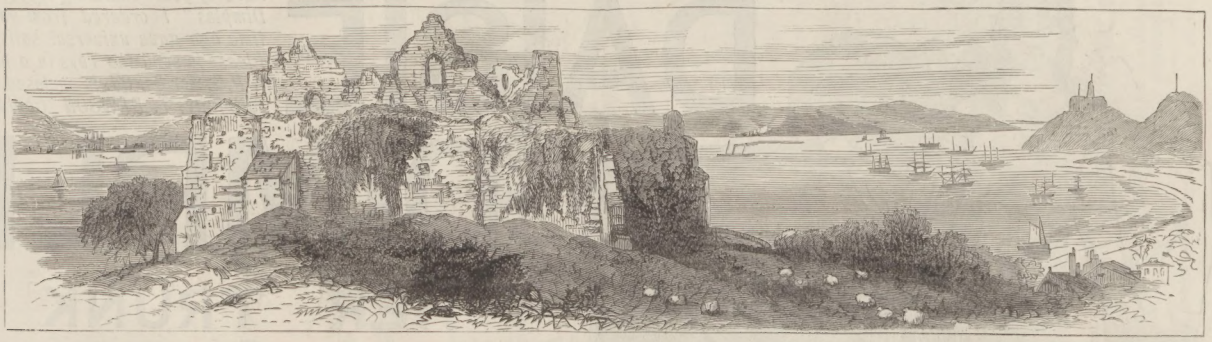
But it is time for our traveller to turn from the harbour to the town, passing up by the semi-nautical waterside streets, and wondering a little, possibly, how it is that men who build their harbours so well should build their houses so badly. For, certainly, one's first impressions of the main streets are not at all inspiring. On passing through the bridge of the Harbour Railways, after visiting the Guildhall and the Library and Reading-room of the Royal Institution, you get into Wind-street, where you ought to look out for the Mackworth Hotel, among other things. For it was here that the poet Shelley's sister-in-law, Miss Claremont, committed suicide, whereupon he was summoned from Lynton to arrange for the funeral, having, it is said, to borrow from an old schoolfellow living in the district for the purpose. A little farther on you may read the tablet commemorating the birth-house of the celebrated

Beau Nash,

that pioneer of fashion and the lesser æsthetics. Of other great people of the Beau Nash order there are also traditions: and with other small people, of the order of poets, there are sundry associations. Of the latter, let us remember that it was here and in the neighbouring countryside that

Walter Savage Landor

wrought out "Gebir" in the heat of youth. For threepence now anyone can have a copy of "Gebir"; and with its strong lines for stimulus, if one should happen to read them, as one ought, in Swansea town, one is likely to find oneself presently climbing the hill above the town instead of lingering in the streets below, thence to gaze down with an epic sense of the human commonalty that strives there so restlessly day by day for wealth, if not for poetry.



OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE AND SWANSEA BAY.

Next week we must return to the heart of the town, and thence make an excursion to the wonders of the Mumbles, and the lovely bays beyond; but now it is best to remain in a Landor-like dream on the hill outpost that we have gained. The best hill for

A Bird's-Eye View,

perhaps it should be said, is that which is reached from the westend of Swansea—the fashionable and pleasant end of the town; for Swansea, too, has its depressing east end and its comfortable west end. Walter-road is the Piccadilly which leads to the terraced hillsides of the Swansea Kensington, and, by following this route and inquiring presently for the People's Park, you can mount through the park higher and higher, until, emerging again above it, you climb past a Volunteer Rifle Range, and, looking down, see harbour and town, streets and houses, railways and waterways, spread out like a fair map—the noble curve of Swansea Bay completing the scene—

What's great below is above seen small.
AP MYRDDIN.

AN EPITAPH.

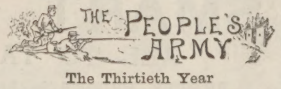
IN a small churchyard near Hastings we read the other day the following epitaph to one William Spivey, a blacksmith:—

My hammer and my anvil lie declined,
My bellows too have lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge is dead,
And in the dust my vice is laid.
My coal is spent, my iron is gone,
My last nail driven, my work is done.

To Printers' Readers the public are indebted for a world of patient revision, often pursued under the most trying circumstances. It is satisfactory to know that their undoubted services have lately been substantially recognised by a warm-hearted friend of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Corporation—viz. the Rev. F. A. Jacox. This gentleman has remitted to the council of the corporation the sum of £2066, which will be sufficient to provide for the establishment of three pensions for aged and indigent readers.

The Wylwyrwell Cloth, supplied by Mr. Lutas Leathley of Armley, near Leeds, will be found cheap, durable, and warm. The colours are bright and of the newest shades.

"THERE IS UNQUESTIONABLY" no better remedy in the whole world for all cough and throat troubles than KEATING'S LOZENGES—any medical man will assure you of this fact. Relief is speedy; they contain no strong-acting, but only simple, drugs; the most delicate can take them. Sold everywhere, in 1½d. Tins.—[ADVT.]



The Thirtieth Year

of the life of the People's Army closed on Oct. 31, and the opening of the new year in November finds the force strong, good, and hearty. There can be but very few of the men of '59 left in the ranks now, but for such as are still up to their work, and for those who have retired too, the contemplation of the thirty years' career must be a pleasant exercise. In May of 1859 there was nothing to warrant a belief in the Volunteer success but the reports of Lord Lieutenants that men in their counties were willing to give their services and do what they could to become like soldiers. And the result is an army 220,000 strong in efficients, massed in good battalions, with officers and sergeants knowing much of their work and daily learning more; while the rank and file have long ceased to be recruited from the gentry and middle class, and regiments now depend for their supply upon the ordinary handicraftsmen all over the country. Thus it is that the Volunteer force has become the People's Army, as Sir Edward Hamley called it; and, no matter what Government may be in power, or what burning subject before the country, no statesman fears the trained people with arms in their hands. Thirty years ago, General Peel issued his historical circular which allowed the formation of

Corps of a Hundred Men,

because, said the military authorities, Volunteers can never be capable of learning the exercises prescribed for anything bigger than a company! And the men were left to find their own uniforms, arms, ammunition, pay rent of drill-rooms, offices, and ranges—ay, even pay the men who taught them their drill, and pay them well, too, in those days. A good member of the Inns of Court—in the days when the counsel used to drill more than they do now—has told me that a notice was at one time posted at headquarters begging members not to do more than two drills a day because of the wet. Fancy a modern commanding officer having to check the zeal of his men in that way! But, to get back, many things speedily broke down the system by which a man was let down lightly

If He Joined Under Ten Pounds

out of pocket. Enthusiastic employers fitted out whole companies of their workmen, and took the command of them; in other places handsome subscription lists paid for uniforms; and thus the Tommy Atkins of the workshop got his footing in the Volunteers, where may he always keep it! Doubtless we did a lot of stupid things in those times; but we did drill and we did shoot, and Governments saw the thing was sound and must go on. So first it gave the rifles—or rather promised to give them—and meantime served out the old Brown Bess of ante-Crimean days, that we might at least learn our drill. And this was done so pertinaciously that the restriction to company strength and company tactics was seen to be nonsense, and then

The Formation of Battalions

was permitted. What a muddling up of titles this caused! I believe Middlesex has never had more than twenty-four battalions; but the Post-Office Corps was originally the 49th, many of the intervening numbers being occupied by single companies, which were absorbed as the companies formed up in battalions. Lanarkshire achieved something tremendous in its total of corps, the present 5th V.B. Highland Light Infantry having been once the 105th Lanark, and there never were more than ten battalions—as now—in the county. A very interesting story might be told of the whereabouts of the lost numbers. But as battalions were formed, money was exhausted. Rich men would not go on for ever paying the cost of working-men's corps. The Government had already conceded the point of paid Army men for adjutants and instructors; but still there was a deficit which could not be met by the weekly payments men made. For we did have to "fork out" in those days. I, a printer's boy, remember paying

Sixpence a Week

for my rig-out as a cadet. So at last the Government proposed, and the Commons passed unanimously and with loud cheers, a single grant of one pound per head for every Volunteer up to a certain standard of attendance. This was the starting-point of the Capitation Grant, and it marked the conviction of the military chiefs that the Volunteer Force had not reached the limit of its capacity when it had raised forty or fifty thousand men in scattered companies, who might pepper an enemy from behind a hedge, but would surely run away when he advanced. So we have formed battalions, and then brigades, and now every Infantry Volunteer in the country has his place in line for the national defence, with every responsibility in that place that a Regular soldier—even a Guardsman—could have. That is a grand result of thirty years' work, during which Volunteers have been chaffed, bullied, and coddled, and have come out of the fire tempered and trusted. The quality of the People's Army is good thoroughly; the only thing to be regretted is that the

Numbers Have Gone Down.

They did so last year, and there is not the slightest doubt they will again this. The force may be said to have "kicked the beam" in 1886, when it returned 221,105 efficients; for, though in 1887 there were 221,491 efficients, 1407 of these earned but ten shillings as being drill-efficient only. Last year the total was 220,124 efficients, but with 3614 ten-shillingers. Nobody hopes we can better this in 1889; but there is the consolation that the men returned efficient are more truly so than at any former time: they must pass the musketry test, and their officers and sergeants are up to their duties. The position now is this: the country has got for

About Fifty Shillings a Head,

all round, an army of 220,000 men who can drill well enough for all practical purposes. It cannot shoot as it should, but that is not its fault. To improve the shooting is a matter of ranges; but that really means a matter of money. If the Government will spend, say, another twenty shillings a head, the ranges can be had; and at seventy shillings a head, who will say the Volunteer is not dirt cheap?

And now, having brought the People's Army down to the end of a very busy and generally profitable season, it is necessary to lay by for the winter, when most military work ceases; hoping that the resumption of drills in the spring may find the thirty years of vigorous growth full of promise for the future.

EYES FRONT.

BABY BELL.

(T. B. ALDRICH, IN "BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.")

HAVE you not heard the poets tell
How came the dainty baby Bell
Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,
Wandering out of Paradise,
She saw this planet like a star
Hung in the glistening depths of heaven—
Its bridges running to and fro,
O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.
She touched the bridge of flowers with feet
So light they did not heed the bells
Of the celestial asphodels,
They fell like dew upon the flowers:
Then all the air grew strangely sweet,
And thus came dainty baby Bell
Into this world of ours.

A Rough Aerial Voyage.—Professor Harding made a hazardous but successful parachute descent at Wolverhampton on Saturday last. When the balloon was liberated from the Molyneux Grounds it was carried away at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, and, on reaching an altitude of nearly 9000 ft., he dropped with the parachute, and, after being carried nearly a mile, descended safely on a pit-bank at Willenhall. Higgins afterwards stated that it was the roughest aerial voyage he had made.

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]

TO OVERCOME WEAKNESS.—PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[ADVT.]

FUN AND FANCY.

A BROTHER'S PHILOSOPHY.

BOBBY: Mr. Brown, I was behind the sofa in the parlour last night, and I think I understood Marie to tell you she would love you as a sister.

Mr. Brown: Yes, that's what she said.

Bobby: Well, I'm her brother, and all I've got to say is that if she doesn't love you any more than she does me you're foolish to waste your money buying ice cream for her.

SWELL TO THE LAST.

"POAH Bertie's dead."

"Dead? How?"

"Stawvation."

"Starved?"

"Yes. He wore such tight collars he couldn't swallow anything."

A DOLL STORY.

LADY: A French doll, please.

Shopman: What size, Madam?

Lady: Oh, one suitable for this little girl.

Shopman: Mr. Sanders, come and measure this young lady for a doll.

ONE FOR SILAS WEGG.

"So you write verses, Mr. Wegg?" said a young woman.

"Occasionally I drop into verse."

"Yes; it always struck me that there had been a fall somewhere. There was a certain lameness about the metre that made me think it had met with an accident."

OUR QUIZZING ARTIST'S SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?"

Says the writer of "Wig and Gown" in the *Globe*: An amusing story is being told in Lincoln's Inn of an old woman who appeared a few days ago before Mr. William Barber, Q.C., the newly appointed judge of the Derby County Court. An impecunious old man whom she was suing for arrears of rent—he had lodged in her humble house—informed the Judge that he would only be able to pay off the debt by very small instalments.

"What terms are you prepared to accept?" Mr. Barber asked the old dame, who was deaf, however, and did not catch his Honour's question.

"What will you take?" shouted the usher.

A bright smile illumined her features as she replied, "Well, I've been in this 'ere court many a time afore, but you"—pointing to Mr. William Barber—"is the very first Judge that ever asked me what I'll take. A little gin hot, if you please."

It was some time before the Judge, who has long been a teetotaler, sufficiently recovered from his astonishment at this unexpected reply to proceed with the ordinary business of the court.

DOLLIE DAISIE DIMPLE AND HER TRUNK OF SMART CLOTHES,

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

ALL TO TAKE ON AND OFF.

PRETTY FROCKS in brilliant colours, and HATS in the Latest Fashions, to suit all occasions and all seasons. PETTICOATS, BODICES, TIPPETS, SKIRTS, APRONS, and CORSETS. Also a great variety of Underclothing, all to take on and off, and many other pretty things, only to be found in a properly appointed Dolly's Outfit, together with a little Book, all about Miss Dimple's Birthday and Early History. Beautiful Designs and Colours. The Dress Materials are of durable, highly glazed Cloth

SAMPLE OF MANY THOUSANDS OF UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.

Fern Lodge, Herne Bay, Kent.
Dear Sir,—I am very glad to see by "The Lady" that you have issued more of your charming Toys. "The Dimples" I ordered from you some time ago gave universal satisfaction. Please to send the Toys in a package. A P.O. for 3s. 8d. is enclosed.—Yours faithfully, T. DAWSON (Captain).

Price ONE SHILLING. 3d. Extra by Parcel Post. By Postal Order Preferred, or by Cash. Telegrams to "DIMPLES—LONDON."

THE ENGLISH TOY MFG. COMPANY, LTD., 5, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON, W.

☞ *A beautifully Illuminated Toy Book (12 pages), large size, containing many Coloured Illustrations for the Children, sent for 1d. stamp.*

MONEY WILLINGLY RETURNED IF ANY DISSATISFACTION.

BOW BELLS ALMANACK, 1890.
NOW READY.
Price 6d.; post-free, 8d., in stiff cover, beautifully printed in colours.
Contains the following ENGRAVINGS:—
FRONTISPIECE—LOVE'S SEASONS.
TWELVE PORTICAL ENGRAVINGS DESCRIPTIVE OF THE MONTHS.
ENGLISH TOWNS.—Worcester, Banbury, Chester, Oxford, Salisbury, Shrewsbury.
ENGLISH CHURCHES.—Mitcham, Heston, Bedfont, Chiswick, Lewisham, Twickenham.
This Almanack contains an official list of all the MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, the PEERAGE, MEMBERS of the PRIVY COUNCIL, and MEMBERS of the COUNTY COUNCILS, revised to date.
It is a storehouse of information in regard to the British Empire, the Church, Government Finances, Commerce, Carriage of Parcels, Postal Regulations, Customs, Licenses, Prisons, Circuits of Judges and Assizes, Fasts and Festivals, Royalty, Universities, Hospitals, Schools, Prime Ministers for the last half-century, Presidents of the United States, Sporting Events (Donovan's Victories), Astronomical and other Phenomena, the Science of Time, &c.
It is the handsomest and best Family Almanack published.
You are particularly requested to keep BOW BELLS ALMANACK for reference, so many important facts being chronicled in it.
London: JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand; all Booksellers, Booksellers, and Newsagents.
SEND FOR CATALOGUES OF JOHN DICKS' FREE ACTING PLAYS, NOVELS, CLASSICS, WAVERLEY, &c.

THE ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER.
No. 640, published Nov. 8, contains:—
WORKING DRAWINGS FOR KITCHEN DRESSER.
Architecture from a Fireman's Point of View.
Locality in Architecture. An Old World Craftsman.
SKETCHES IN PRACTICAL SCIENCE.
A Yorkshire Ship Canal. Tall Towers.
Details for Gothic Windows, Door, &c.
An English View of the Knights of Labour.
OUR DESIGNS AND SKETCHING CLUB AWARDS.
Our Inventors' Column and New Patents, Illustrated; London and Provincial Labour Notes; also the ever-interesting and useful column of Notes and Queries.
THE ILLUSTRATED CARPENTER AND BUILDER. One Penny Weekly, can be transmitted through the post. Send Three-halfpence for specimen copy. Quarterly Subscription, 1s. 8d., post-free; Half-yearly, 3s. 3d.; Yearly, 6s. 6d.
JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand, London. All Newsagents.

BIRKBECK BANK.—Established 1851. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C. THREE PER CENT INTEREST allowed on Deposits, repayable on demand, and Two per cent on Current Accounts when not drawn below £100. No charge for keeping accounts. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold.
The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with particulars, on application. FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

"COPYRIGHT."
MUSIC MADE EASY. Marvellous, Easy, Practical Method to play Piano, Harmonium, 1s.—Rev. W. HUGHES, Nantymoel, Bridgend.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, and FITTINGS, at T. R. WILLIS ("Tower" Organ Works), 29, Minories, London. Established 1827.

EVERYBODY SHOULD SEE!
BAYLEY'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY
OF RECIPES, NOTES, AND USEFUL INFORMATION.
168 pages, crown 8vo. A Guide to the Treatment of Common Ailments by Simple Remedies.
A Copy will be sent by book post on receipt of three stamps to cover postage by
C. BAYLEY, Chemist, WALSALL, PROPRIETOR OF
BAYLEY'S WOOD OILS,
The only Successful Cure for Rheumatism and Sciatica.
1s. per Bottle, of all Chemists; or, post-free, 1s. 3d.

Post-free, 6d.
RUPTURE: Its Radical Cure. An interesting publication by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, giving authentic information how sufferers may be relieved and restored to soundness without life torture from trusses used for its protection.
London: GIBBS, SMITH, and Co., 15, High Holborn.

CURE OF DEAFNESS, Noises in the Ears, Stammering and Stuttering, and other nervous ailments. The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON may be consulted personally or by letter, free of cost. New Treatise, post-free, 6 stamps.—24, Imperial-buildings, Ludgate-circus, London.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each; superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, any sent post-free on approval.—BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

LEVE WATCHES—LEVER WATCHES.
WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

CLOCKS—IN BANKRUPTCY—CLOCKS.
500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, gold lines, going 15 days, 10s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 30s.; usual price, £4 4s. 100 ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.; usual price, £4 4s. Any sent on approval. List of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

SYMINGTON'S Gold Medal PEA FLOUR.
For Soups, &c. EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold in Packets and Tins by Grocers everywhere.
Patentees and Manufacturers—
Bowden Steam Mills, Market Harborough.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR CARDS.
Unequalled for Price and Quality. .. 1s. 2d.
150 Pretty Cards, by Parcel Post .. .. 1s. 2d.
50 Superior Cards, post-free .. .. ..
An Envelope for every Card with the following Packets:—
25 Beautiful Cards, post-free .. .. .. 1s. 2d.
10 Very Choice Cards .. .. 1s. 2d.
6 Elegant Cards .. .. 1s. 2d.
One Card of extraordinary splendour, post-free, 2d.
TRUSWELL and SON, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.

DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
The Safest Medicine.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Sick Headaches and Giddiness.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Indigestion and Flatulency.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS
Cure Lassitude and Nervous Depression.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
Restore the Appetite and Promote Digestion.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
The best Family Aperient Medicine
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS.
Mild but effectual
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and LIVER PILLS. Some unscrupulous persons, for the sake of making a larger profit, may try to persuade you to buy some preparation of their own. Do not do so, but insist on having Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills, which are wrapped in a square green package, bearing the name of the Proprietor, W. LAMBERT, 173, Seymour place, London, W.

SAVED BY "BEECHAM'S PILLS."

On Monday a serious accident happened off Southsea Beach, which very nearly terminated fatally. It appears that an old gentleman with a lady and a little boy, visitors, hired a pleasure-boat and went out for a row. As they were returning they met the sailing-boat whose canvas for the last few weeks has advertised the virtues of **BEECHAM'S PILLS**, and in manœuvring to get out of her way placed themselves across the bow of the Vesta, another rowing-boat, which was coming along at a considerable speed. In vain the occupants of the Vesta tried to stop her; it was too late, and she ran right into the other boat, almost cutting off her stern. The occupants were merged into the water, and their chance of life seemed a bad one, as none of them appeared able to swim. **"BEECHAM'S PILLS,"** however, tacked and picked them up. A number of boats put off from the beach, and great excitement prevailed.—*Portsmouth Evening Mail*, Sept. 13, 1889.

BY ROYAL *LETTERS PATENT.*

THE GREAT HEALTH RESTORER,

DR. LOWDER'S MEDICAL

MAGNETO-ELECTRIC BATTERY.

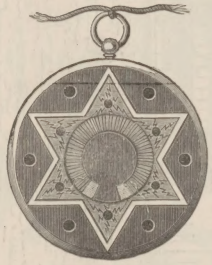
TRADE MARK

STOP TAKING MEDICINE, AND TRY NATURE'S OWN REMEDY: ELECTRICITY!

Price 5/- each.

Price 5/- each.

STOP TAKING MEDICINE, AND TRY NATURE'S OWN REMEDY: ELECTRICITY!



FOR THE SAFE AND SPEEDY RELIEF AND CURE OF

Liver Complaint,
Indigestion,
Debility,
Rheumatism,
Swollen Joints,
Paralysis,
Nervousness,
Skin Diseases,
Heartburn,
Fever,
Weak Stomach,
Spinal Disease,
Neuralgia,
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Constipation,
Pimples,
Blotches, and all
Complaints arising
from Disorders of
the Blood,
Impaired Vitality,
and
Weak Circulation.

The above Illustration represents the exact size of Battery.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE, BUT ELECTRICITY IS THE LIFE OF THE BLOOD!

Electricity.

A GREAT HEALING POWER.

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY is the most reliable miniature Electric Battery before the public, and is strongly recommended for the alleviation and cure of nearly all complaints. It is constructed on strictly scientific principles, and supplies the necessary amount of Electricity without the aid of acid or fluid of any kind. It requires no attention, does not get out of order, and retains its power for upwards of two years.

YOUR HEALTH IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE,

and if you are suffering from any of the above complaints we confidently advise you to give this wonderful invention a trial. Its action upon the system is continuous but gentle, and produces no shock, as is the case with many Electrical appliances.

It is very comfortable to wear and simple in construction, and owing to its constant action is a self-generating reservoir of Electricity. It acts upon all the most important organs of the body, and invariably succeeds in alleviating the disorders accruing from impaired vitality, general debility, and weak circulation.

IT COSTS LESS THAN A SINGLE VISIT TO A PHYSICIAN.

Many pounds may be wasted in medicines, and other largely advertised remedies, without the slightest benefit being derived.

It is a well-known and recognised fact that Electricity properly applied will cure a patient when everything else has totally failed to render the slightest service. This wonderful remedial agent is rapidly becoming more and more generally adopted, and must eventually be the leading curative medicine for the treatment of nearly all diseases and complaints, it being now so generally adopted in the Hospitals, and by our leading medical men.

IF YOU ARE SUFFERING,

we advise giving DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY a trial. It may do you an endless amount of good, and it cannot possibly harm you. We would point out that, owing to DR. LOWDER'S MEDICAL BATTERY acting as a preventive as well as a curative against disease, many healthy persons are now wearing them, especially those who desire to sustain a free circulation and distribution of healthy blood, by which means the various organs of the body are regulated in accordance with the laws of health.

DIRECTIONS FOR WEARING DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY.

Dr. Lowder's Battery is set in action by the Uric and other Acids naturally and continually emitted from the skin.

The Battery should be suspended by a ribbon and worn on the chest, next the skin, day and night, except with children under the age of eight, when it should be worn in the daytime only.

Where a patient suffers acutely from such complaints as Rheumatism, Indigestion, Sick Headaches, or in fact any acute local pain, one Battery may be worn on the chest and a second applied to affected part by a linen bandage.

DR. LOWDER'S Battery is guaranteed not to injure the most delicate constitution, and may be safely worn as a preventive against illness.

Twelve Reasons

WHY DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY SHOULD BE WORN BY ALL.

BECAUSE IT purifies the blood.
BECAUSE IT invigorates the whole system.
BECAUSE IT builds up the most shattered constitution.
BECAUSE IT prevents as well as cures diseases.
BECAUSE IT strengthens the nerves.
BECAUSE IT cures all aches and pain.
BECAUSE IT is recommended by the medical profession.
BECAUSE IT may be worn with perfect safety.
BECAUSE IT requires no attention and does not get out of order.
BECAUSE IT is simple in its application.
BECAUSE IT costs less than a single visit to a physician.
BECAUSE ITS price brings it within the reach of all.

Medical Opinions

ON

ELECTRICITY AS A CURATIVE AGENT.

DR. G. V. POORE, "Electricity in Medicine and Surgery," says: "Electricity will help a patient on his road to recovery *when everything else has failed to render him the slightest service*: its reputation as a remedial agent is based very largely on its great power in this direction."

* * *

DR. J. C. STEELE, Medical Superintendent, Guy's Hospital, says: "The employment of Electricity in the investigation and treatment of disease has been greatly developed during the last twenty years. It had long been known that Electricity possessed properties allied in some degree with the manifestations of nervous force, but it was not till much new light was thrown on the subject by patient investigators, and by the construction of numerous new and ingenious instruments for its administration, that *its importance and value as a curative agent has been generally accepted.*"

* * *

The REV. JOHN WESLEY, the Founder of Methodism, says: "Electricity cures abundance of diseases, *even the most stubborn*; many of them in a moment, most in a few days, so that this is not only one of the greatest curiosities of the world, but one of the noblest boons God ever gave to man."

* * *

DR. JULIUS ALTHAUS, M.R.C.P., Physician to the Infirmary for Epilepsy and Paralysis, says: "I am convinced that in the large majority of cases which come under our care in the course of practice there are three or four different ways of curing the patient, and it is the object of therapeutical science to find out the safest, quickest, and least unpleasant mode of doing so. . . . *There are affections in which nothing but Electricity can do real good*, and for these its employment will be strongly urged; while there are some in which Electricity may be resorted to, either after other modes of treatment have failed or where physician and patient incline more to Electricity than physic, or to a more dietetic and hygienic kind of treatment."

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERIES are sent post-free as under:

One, 5s.; Two for 9s.; Three for 12s. 6d.

The Company's Consulting Medical Electrician will be happy to advise, either personally or by letter, and *free of charge*, any patient who will send full particulars of his or her complaint.
Write for *Private Advice Form*, which will be sent on application.

After perusing this circular please hand same to one of your friends or acquaintances, who may be glad to hear of the wonderful benefits to be derived from the application of this inexpensive but effectual invention.

Testimonials.

Hundreds of Genuine Testimonials have been received, fully proving the great benefit to be derived from DR. LOWDER'S MEDICAL MAGNETO-ELECTRIC BATTERY. We shall be pleased to submit the originals of all below and many others to Patients and others who will favour us with a visit. Want of space prevents us printing more than the following:—

DR. W. H. MILLS, F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,
Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, London; and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, writes:—

"I have worn DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY, and have experienced great relief and comfort from it. I used to have headaches more or less constantly; since wearing it I have scarcely had a touch of it. I also suffered from severe pains in my back, which have also left me."

INDIGESTION AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

"Dear Sir,—I am thankful to say that the benefit I have derived from the Battery is something marvellous. I have been under the doctor's care for some years without receiving any permanent relief, suffering from indigestion, loss of appetite, severe pains and sickness after eating anything, and not able to do any house work at all. Now I can go about my usual work without any suffering, and experience no pain; my appetite has increased, and all signs of indigestion have disappeared.—Believe me to remain, yours thankfully, SARAH LEECE, 27, York-street, Huddersfield."

NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE.

"Dear Sirs,—The Battery I had from you was for a friend of mine, who was suffering great pain and sleepless nights from Neuralgia. It has proved most effectual. I also applied it to the cheek for Toothache, and obtained almost instantaneous relief. It has produced truly highly beneficial results. Yours, &c., J. G. HENDERSON, Earl Grey-street, Edinburgh, N.B."

SICK HEADACHES.

"Dear Sir,—I am very pleased to tell you that your Battery has done me a great deal of good, having suffered with pains in the head and chest for a long time, but I am much better since I have worn the Battery.—I remain, yours truly, M. GERMANEY, Grafton-street, New Clee, Grimsby."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

"Gentlemen,—I am glad to inform you that my wife, who has been suffering from Nervous Debility for more than twelve months, is considerably better since she began to wear one of your Magneto Electric Batteries. She has recommended them to some of our friends, and I shall be obliged if you will kindly send two more as soon as possible.—Yours faithfully, JOSEPH MILLETT, Victoria-terrace, Pontefract, Yorks."

RHEUMATISM.

"Dear Sir,—I am very pleased with your Batteries. I have been troubled with Rheumatism, and have found them very good. I have never been troubled with it since wearing them. You can use these few lines as you please.—Yours truly, ROBERT SIMPSON, 14, Canada-street, Winterbey-lane, Horwich."

SKIN DISEASES.

"Sir,—I am glad to say that I am much better than I was before I received your Battery. I was suffering from a Skin Disease for over six years; but I am better now than I have been for a long time.—Yours truly, JANE HANSON, 3, Oak-street, Spring-terrace, Rawtenstall."

The Magneto-Electro Battery Company are Sole Proprietors of

THE WORLD-FAMED AND ORIGINAL

"BELT OF LIFE" APPLIANCES,

Which have now stood the test of upwards of twenty years, and are admitted to be the greatest health-giving appliances ever invented.

THE COMPANY SUPPLY ALL KINDS OF ELECTRICAL AND MAGNETIC APPLIANCES,

Supporting Belts. Lung Invigorators.
Chest Protectors. Hernia Appliances and Surgical Instruments at Moderate Prices.

Full particulars of which may be had on application.

ALL ORDERS AND CORRESPONDENCE TO BE ADDRESSED TO

THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC BATTERY COMPANY, IMPERIAL-MANSIONS, OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

(Opposite Tottenham-court-road.)

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED. APPLICATIONS INVITED.